THE

FATAL SISTERS;

OR,

THE CASTLE OF THE FOREST:

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

OF FIVE ACTS.

WITH A VARIETY OF

POETIC ESSAYS.

BY

EDMUND JOHN EYRE,

OF THE THEATRES-ROYAL, BATH AND BRISTOL;

LATE OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE:

And Author of *The Maid of Normandy; or, Death of the Queen of France,* a Tragedy;—*Consequences; or, The School for Prejudice,* a Comedy;—*The Dreamer awake; or, Pugilist match'd, &c. &c. &c.*

Quin, ubi perire juſsus exspiravero,
Nocturnus occurram Furor,
(Quæ vis Deorum est Manium!)
Et inquietis adfidens præcordiis,
Pavore Somnos auferam. HOR.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY J. PLYMSELL;

AND SOLD BY T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1797.

[*Price Four Shillings.*]

9. 46.
4.
124.

TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

THE

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

AMBITION, (to quote an obſervation of Mr. Dryden's,) ſo far from being a vice in Poets, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible to ſucceed without it. *Fame* is the Deity to which they ſacrifice, and *Greatneſs* the Guardian-Angel which protects them.

Influenced by ſuch motives, I applied laſt year for permiſſion to dedicate my humble efforts to two ſuch illuſtrious characters: with an urbanity, and condeſcenſion, which are ſo eminently joined in the perſons of Your Royal Highneſſes, You were both pleaſed to grant me that diſtinguiſhed honour, by a complying anſwer, communicated to me by the Hon. Col. Monſon.

By inſcribing the following Poems to You, I am, therefore, juſtified, (independent of all perſonal motives,) by Your Highneſs's public-conduct, and unſhaken fidelity to Your country, not leſs manifeſted in civil life, than in the field.

There are no factions, though irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their affections to You, and the reſpect they pay You.

" Serus in Cœlum redeas, diuque
" Lætus interſis populo *Britanni* :
" Neve te noſtris vitiis iniquum
" Ocior aura
" Tollat. Hic, magnos potius triumphos,
" Hic, ames dici *Pater*, atque *Princeps* :
" Neu ſinas *Gallos*, equitare inultos
" Te Duce, Cæſar !"

For You, Madam, Your conjugal virtues, and benevolence of heart, deſerve to be ſet as an example to the age. Your perſon, is a magazine of charities, and your ſoul, the cherubim within, that diſtributes happineſs around you. May You live long, and happily; the ornament of the court, and the object of univerſal admiration !

I am, with all poſſible veneration,

Your Highneſſes'

Moſt obedient, moſt humble,

And loyal Servant,

EDMUND JOHN EYRE.

No. 9, St. James's-Street,
Bath, Jan. 7, 1797.

TO THE CRITICS.

GENTLEMEN,

AGAIN I have ventur'd to write: and why not?

"Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique
"Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ—."

So thought the Roman Satyriſt, and ſo think I. Again, with the apprehenſions of a *Criminal*, (for moſt poets are but *Literary-Thieves*,) I appear before your tribunal, to be tried, judg'd, and---Ay, there's the rub! ----unbiaſs'd reaſon, no doubt, will decide my fate, and your verdict muſt be juſt.

The name of a TRUE CRITIC is confeſſedly the higheſt title literature can beſtow on human genius, or, the memory of *Longinus* had never been tranſmitted to poſterity. To you then, his ſucceſſors, I ſubmit my feeble performance; to your ſeat of poetic juſtice I appeal; entreat your can-

dour, and leave the iſſue to be determined in your court of equity.

What the OTHERS may ſay, will not affect me; I mean thoſe *ephemeral-inſects*, thoſe *abuſive cenſors*, thoſe *inſignificant declaimers* in the art of criticiſm. It is no uncommon inſtance for a man who could never write himſelf, to have the preſumption to turn critic, and, with a revenge, ſuitable to little minds, unmercifully knock down riſing merit---like the ſurly hind, who ſnatches up the cudgel, (though he has not the ſkill to wield it,) and beats down his opponent's guard, by furiouſly attacking him with *random* blows.

The *real* critic, on the contrary, is a valuable friend, who never inſults, but admoniſhes; who points out our errors, and raiſes our emulation, by teaching us how to avoid them.

Though I have been ſome time a labourer in the dramatic-vineyard, yet, diſappointment has always ſoured the fruit---As often as I have preſented my manuſcript to managers,

as often have I met repulſe: their ſituation may, in ſome degree, plead an apology for any apparent negligence of conduct. The number of new pieces offered, may reluctantly oblige them to return the copies *unread*, with an obſervation to the author, or his friend, that the play is not adapted to the ſtage.---A ſtrange fatality has, indeed, attended all my dramatic-attempts---When my tragedy of "The Maid of Normandy" was preparing for repreſentation at the Theatre-Royal, Bath, the Lord-Chamberlain, by his prohibitory mandate, conſigned it to oblivion. Thus were my hopes of fame deſtroyed by the interference of a power, which no doubt was regulated by prudential motives---That conſideration ſilenced every murmur of diſcontent. Through the friendly interpoſition of Mr. Siddons, and Mr. Graham, (for which I am much beholden to them,) the following dramatic romance was offered to both managers, as worthy of their notice, but the event has proved, that, *they* were of a different opinion. My flowers, perhaps, may grow wild in the field of poeſy, but even in the moſt *barren ſoil*

there are plants which send forth a grateful perfume.

Take then my muse, ye candid critics, to your fair review; if you discover any beauties in her, for truth's sake, approve them; if you find her too much clouded with imperfections, for truth's sake, openly detect them.

PREFATORY ADDRESS

TO THE READER.

THE greedineſs with which the tales of ghoſts and goblins, and all the moſt terrific images of fiction, are devoured by every ear, induced me to write the following mix'd drama, for the ſtage. The apparent delight with which we dwell upon every object of terror, where no paſſion is excited but the depreſſing one of fear, is really a paradox of the human heart, very difficult of ſolution: perhaps, paſſion and fancy co-operating, elevate the ſoul to its higheſt pitch, and the pain of terror is loſt in amazement. All who have read the ingenious romances of Mrs. Radcliff, (whoſe excurſive fancy almoſt realizes the ſtories of enchantment,) will ſurely aſſent to the poſition. I would recommend to my readers the peruſal of Mr. Aikin's miſcellaneous pieces, where they will find theſe two op-

poſite ſenſations of the mind very happily defined.

The ſtage, and the cloſet, are different mediums of judging of dramatic compoſition; for, what might be highly reliſhed, nay, applauded, in a theatre, would probably be as much cenſured in the ſtudy.

"The Caſtle of the Foreſt" was written for the former; and, agreeable to the vitiated taſte of the times, upon the model of moſt modern plays. The "Fatal Siſters," though ſeparated from the general ſubject of the plot, I thought an intereſting epiſode, for the introduction of muſic, and her dulcet ſounds. In one ſcene, I have availed myſelf of an incident in the Myſteries of Udolpho; I mean, the diſappearance of Edwy.

A friend to my country, and influenced by no party-zeal, I have carefully avoided any popular allufion. Every ſentiment I have written, I wiſh to be conſidered as the genuine language of *Philanthropy*, and not of *Politics*.

I know it hath been a long cuſtom with young authors to plead the powerful intreaty of private friends, as the prime motive for publiſhing; but, in juſtice to all mine, I declare, I am perſuaded by none: I began the work for my own amuſement, and finiſh'd it with the hope of *Emolument*, and *Fame*.---*Fama*, et *Fames* me cogit ad ſcribendum.

THE CONTENTS.

	Page.
DEDICATION	iii
To the Critics	v
Prefatory Addreſs	ix
The Fatal Siſters; or, Caſtle of the Foreſt . . .	1
An Elegiac Ode on the Death of Louis XVI. .	115
The Captive Queen, an Elegiac Ode	118
A Tranſlation from the 3d Ode of Horace . .	121
The Deſcent of the Graces, addreſſed to the Ducheſs of York	123
The Cantab; or, The Student's Progreſs . .	126
Lines addreſſed to Mrs. Collins	129
. . . . . to W. W. Dimond, Eſq. . .	ib.
. . . . on being preſent at the Repreſentation of a modern Comedy	131
. . . . on the ſame Subject	ib.
. . . . on a View of Cattle, grazing	132
. . . . on the Death of the Author's Mother . .	134
An occaſional Addreſs	135
A Diſſertation on ancient and modern Faſhion, a comic Song	137
The poor Negro, a pathetic Tale	138

SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ *The Author moſt reſpectfully begs leave to acquaint his Subſcribers, that, owing to the ſuperior Quality of the Paper, he is under the neceſſity of raiſing the Subſcription from the Original Propoſal of Three to Four Shillings.*

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

MISS Aſhe, Bath.
Mr. Atkins, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Mrs. Atkins, ditto.
Miſs Andrews, Worceſter, 2 copies.
Mr. Archbould, Wiſbeach, Cambridgeſhire.
Mr. T. Ackland, George-ſtreet, London.
Mr. Abbotſon, Surgeon, Barkway, Herts.

Mrs. Brownlow, Ruſſel-ſtreet, Bath.
E. Bunn, Eſq. Surrey-ſtreet, London, 7 copies.
J. Baker, Eſq. Eaſt-Barnet, Herts.
Reverend Mr. Boucher.
Dr. Brown, Bath.
Mr. Browne, Bank of England.
Lieut. Brown, Royal Bucks Militia.
J. Brunton, Eſq. Theatre-Royal, Norwich.
Miſs Brunton, ditto.
Mr. Bird, Briſtol.
Mr. Butſon, Bath.
Mr. Blandford, Theatre, Worceſter.
Mr. Biggs, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Miſs Biggs, ditto.
Mr. Betterton, ditto.
Miſs Betterton, ditto.
Mr. Bliſſet, ditto.
Mr. Bartley, ditto.
Miſs Burchall, Theatre-Royal, Cheltenham.

Mrs. Collins, Bath.
T. Chapman, Esq. Chesthunt, Herts.
T. Cracroft, Esq. Lamb's-Conduit-street, London.
T. Coleman, Esq. Enfield.
—— Croſs, Esq. Leverington, Cambridgeshire.
Miſs Croſs, ditto.

Mr. D. B. Curwin, Attorney, Worceſter.
Mr. Corſer, Briſtol.
Mr. Crutwell, Bath.
Mr. Cottle, ditto.
Mr. Colls, Theatre, Worceſter.
Mr. Campbell, Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane.
Mr. Cleremont, ditto, Covent-garden.
Mr. Charlton, ditto, Bath, 2 copies.
Mr. Cunningham, ditto.
Mr. Crumpton, ditto.

Rt. Hon. Lord Dunſaney, Bath.
Miſs Davies, Queen-ſquare, Briſtol, 2 copies.
Mr. J. Davies, Exciſe-Office, Briſtol.
Mr. C. Davies, Bath.
Reverend Mr. Dix, ditto.
Mr. J. Daniel, ditto.
Mr. E. Davidſon, Vauxhall, London.
Mr. Alexander Duncan, Park-row, Briſtol.
Mr. Dodrel, Briſtol.
Mr. Doyle, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Mrs. Didier, ditto.
W. W. Dimond, Esq. ditto.

Sir Frederick Eden, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Lady F. Eden, ditto.
Hon. Lady Dowager Eden, Hampton Court.
Mr. A. Eyre, Finſbury-ſquare, London, 7 copies.
Mr. D. Eyre, ditto, 7 copies.
Mr. C. Eyre, Ludgate-hill, 7 copies.
Mr. J. K. Eſcott, jun. Briſtol.

Mr. Emery, Infirmary, Briſtol.
Mr. Elliſton, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Hon. Mrs. Forbes, Briſtol.
Miſs Fleming, Bath.
Miſs C. Fleming, ditto.
Mr. Fowler, Theatre, Worceſter.
Mr. Field, Bath.
Mr. Foote, Theatre-Royal, Plymouth.
Mr. H. Fourdrinier, Lombard-ſtreet, London.
Mr. Floor, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Reverend Mr. Flavel.

A. Graham, Eſq. Great Ruſſel-ſtreet, Bloomſbury, London, 12 copies.
J. Griffiths, Eſq. Abergole, Caermarthen, 7 copies.
Mr. Griffith, Theatre-Royal, Mancheſter.
J. Gibbons, Eſq. Oſweſtry.
Reverend J. Gibbons, Salop, 2 copies.
William Gibbons, Eſq. Queen-ſquare, Briſtol.
Mr. Gaſk, Aldgate, London.
Lieut. Gardner, Royal Bucks Militia.
Mr. Guion, Worceſter.
Mr. T. Garratt, St. Thomas Apoſtles, London.
Mr. J. Garratt, ditto.
Mr. Gye, Bath.
Mr. Godby, ditto.
Mr. Ghent, ditto.
Miſs Gopell, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Mr. Galindo, ditto.
Mrs. Gwynne, Bath.
Mathew Howard, Eſq. Aldermanbury, London.
Mrs. Howard, ditto.
Miſs Howard, ditto.
Mr. W. Holdſworth, Attorney, Worceſter.
Mr. W. Hood, Princes-ſtreet, Briſtol.
Miſs Hood, Queen-ſquare, ditto.

Mr. J. Hutchens, Park-row, Briſtol.
Mr. J. Hunter, ditto.
Mrs. Hall, Park-ſtreet, ditto.
Mr. Howel, Bath.
Mrs. A. Heathcote, Circus, Bath.
Mr. Harding, ditto.
Mrs. Hobhouſe, Weſtbury-College.
Mr. Hailey, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, London.
Mrs. Hailey, ditto.
Mr. Holland, Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane.
Mr. J. Heaton, Salop.
Mr. Holman, Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden.
Mr. Harley, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Mr. Hoyle, ditto.
Mr. Hill, ditto.

J. Jones, Eſq. Elleſmere.
Mr. Hugh Jones, Park-row, Briſtol.
Mr. Jones, Hanbury, Worceſter.
Miſs Jones, Bath.
Miſs M. Jones, ditto.
Lieutenant Jacob, Royal Bucks Militia.
Mr. Johnſtone, Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden.
Mr. Incledon, ditto.
G. Johnſon, Eſq. Leverington, Cambridgeſhire.

W. Keaſbury, Eſq.
Benjamin Keene, Eſq.
Miſs Keene, Berkeley-ſtreet, London.
Mr. Knight, Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden.
Lieutenant Kermin, Royal Bucks Militia.

William Lewis, Eſq. Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden.
Mr. Lee, ditto.
Mrs. Lee, ditto.
Reverend Mr. Lawſon, Wolverhampton.
Captain Lowndes, Royal Bucks Militia.

Enſign Ladbroke, Royal Bucks Militia.
Mr. Lehair, Leverington, Cambridgeſhire.
Mr. J. Long, Southmark, Glouceſter.
H. Lyſter, Eſq. Bath.
Mr. J. Lean, Briſtol.
Mrs. Lacy, Bailey-end, Bucks.
Mr. T. N. Longman, Paternoſter-row, 7 copies.
Mr. Lowe, Queen-ſquare, Briſtol, 6 copies.

Miſs Mansfield, Birmingham.
Miſs Mayor, Wiſbeach, Cambridgeſhire.
Mr. W. Moor, Mark-lane, London.
Mr. J. Moore, Briſtol.
Miſs Moore, ditto.
Mr. R. Maddocks, Worceſter, 2 copies.
Cornet Mathews, Cheltenham.
Mr. Meyler, Bath, 6 copies.
Mrs. Mc. Cullock, Cheſhunt, Herts.
Mr. Mandall, King-ſtreet, London, 2 copies.
Miſs Mieres.
Mr. Miell, Theatre, Worceſter.
Mr. Murray, Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden.
Mr. Munden, ditto.
Mr. Macready, ditto.
Mrs. Murray.

Wm. Newdick, Eſq. Cheſham.
Rev. Dr. Naſmith, Leverington, Cambridgeſhire.
Mr. Nicholſon, Cambridge, 7 copies.

Mr. R. Oſwin, Lombard-ſtreet, London, 3 copies.
Mrs. Oakes, Bath.

J. Palmer, Eſq. Mayor of Bath.
T. Panting, Eſq. Salop.
Wm. Priſcott, Eſq. Clapham.
Mr. Pickering.
Mr. Peover, Theatre, Sarum.

Mr. Price, Attorney, Tewkeſbury, 2 copies.
Mrs. Pitman, Hoxton, Middleſex.
Capt. Pigott, Royal Bucks Militia.
Mr. Parſons, Cheſhunt, Herts.
Mrs. Parſons, Homerton, Middleſex.
Mr. W. Phipps, Lombard-ſtreet, London, 3 copies.
Mr. Paul, Treaſurer of the Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Mr. Palmer, Attorney, Worceſter.
Rev. Mr. Plumptre, Stamford, 2 copies.
Rev. Mr. Pollard, Parſon Drove, Cambridgeſhire.
Rev. J. Peele, St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich.
Mr. Plymſell, Printer, New-ſtreet-ſquare, Shoe-lane, London.
Mr. Quick, Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden.
Michael Rayner, Eſq. Watling-ſtreet, London.
James Rayner, Eſq. ditto.
Mr. Rayner, Wiſbeach, Cambridgeſhire.
Mr. R. J. Richardſon, Bath.
Mrs. Richardſon, ditto.
Mr. J. Rees, London.
Mr. T. Rees, ditto.
Mr. Reed, Briſtol, 14 copies.
Mr. Ruſſel, Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane.
Mr. Roberts, Theatre, Worceſter.
Mr. Rowbotham, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Mr. Richards, ditto.
Miſs Robins, Cheſhunt, Herts.
Mr. R. Robinſon, Fiſh-ſtreet-hill, London.
Mr. J. Roy, Mark-lane, ditto.
Mr. W. Robertſon, Bloomſbury, ditto.
Mr. Reene, 'Change-alley, ditto.
R. Smyth, Eſq. Gray's-inn, London.
Mr. Smith, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Mrs. Smith, ditto.
Mr. Smyth, Attorney, Tewkeſbury.
Mr. Smith, Theatre, Sarum.

Mr. Smith, Finſbury-place, London.
Mr. Scurbock, Doctor's-commons.
Mr. Shatford, Theatre, Sarum.
Miſs Stratton, ditto.
Mrs. Swaine, Leverington, Cambridgeſhire.
Miſs Swaine, Lynn-Regis.
Mr. J. Swaine, Cornhill, London.
Lieut. Shutleworth, Royal Bucks Militia.
Mr. Smart, Wolverhampton, 7 copies.
Mr. Sandford, Salop, 7 copies.
H. Siddons, Eſq. Great Marlbotough-ſtreet, London.
Mrs. Siddons, Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane.
Mrs. Second, Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden.
Mr. J. Southey, Red-lodge-place, Briſtol.
Mr. J. Stevens, Attorney, Tewkeſbury.
Mrs. S. Stephens, Wibeach, Cambridgeſhire.
Mr. J. Skrimſhire, ditto.
Mr. Sigmond, Dentiſt, Bath.
Mr. Stafford, ditto.
Mr. Stone, Leverington, Cambridgeſhire.
Miſs Summers, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Rev. J. Street, Barkway, Herts.

J. Thorp, Eſq. Chippenham-park, Cambridgeſhire.
Mrs. Thorp, ditto.
G. Turner, Eſq. Hale's-end, Eſſex.
Miſs Taylor, Argyle-buildings, Bath.
Mr. Taylor, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Mr. Townſend, Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden.
Mr. Toy, Wolverhampton, 2 copies.
Mr. Thomas, Infirmary, Briſtol.
Rev. Mr. Tyndal, Wolverhampton.
Rev. Dr. Turner, Pembroke College, Cambridge.

Rev. B. Underwood, Prebendary of Ely.

Rt. Hon. Viſcount Valentia.

J. Vaughan, Esq. Verzon-House, Hereford.
Mrs. Vaughan, ditto.
Mrs. Verriker, Bath.
Lieut. Vasser, Royal Bucks Militia.
R. Waters, Esq. Cheshunt, Herts.
Mrs. Waters, sen. ditto.
R. Wilson, Esq. ditto.
J. Wilson, Esq. Waltham, Herts.
Mr. H. Winter, London.
Rev. Mr. Wagstaffe, Barley, Herts.
Mr. J. Wolley, ditto.
Mr. Watts, Turner's-hill, Herts.
Mrs. Watts, ditto.
Mr. W. Watts, Cheshunt.
Rev. Mr. Walker, Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, 3 copies.
Mr. White, ditto, 7 copies.
Mr. Wittingham, Lynn-Regis, 2 copies.
T. Wilkinson, Esq. Theatre-Royal, York, 4 copies.
Miss Wallis, Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden, 7 copies.
Miss Woodward, Park-street, Bristol.
Mr. Waddy, Theatre-Royal, Covent-garden.
Mrs. Willmott, Greenfield-street, London.
Mrs. A. Wingrove, Bath.
Mr. Williamson, Theatre-Royal, Bath.
Mr. S. T. Wylde, Infirmary, Bristol.
Mr. C. Warrell, Attorney, Tewkesbury.
Mr. C. Webb, Bromsgrove.
Rev. J. Wilde, Salop.
Leonard Wray, Esq. Southampton.
Mr. Woodforde, Bath.
Mr. T. Young, Bath,
Miss Yelf, Sarum.

THE

FATAL SISTERS;

OR,

THE CASTLE OF THE FOREST.

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE,

IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

FERRAND (Marquis of Almunecar).
EDWY.
SEBASTIAN (Captain of the Banditti).
FIRST ROBBER.
RIMIREZ (Captain of the Guard).
FIRST SOLDIER.
O'LEARY.
FRANCISCO.
CARLOS.
FIRST FISHERMAN.
SECOND FISHERMAN.
THIRD FISHERMAN.
FIRST PEASANT.
ATHOLD.

WOMEN.

ELVIRA.
NEGOMBO.
JULETTA.
MÆGERA,
ALECTO,
TYSIPHONE, } (the Three Fatal Sisters).

Soldiers, Robbers, Peaſants, Furies, &c.

SCENE—The Shore, and Caſtle of Almunecar, in the Kingdom of Granada.

THE

FATAL SISTERS;

OR,

THE CASTLE OF THE FOREST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Sea, and surrounding Cliffs.*

(Moonlight.)

Enter, from the top of the Rocks, the Three Fatal Sisters, viz. MÆGERA, ALECTO, *and* TYSIPHONE, *with Torches in their Hands, and Snakes lash'd round their Necks and Shoulders.*

MÆGERA.

ON the forked lightning's ray,
I have steer'd my sightless way.

ALECTO.

Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,

After many perils paſt,
Hither am I come at laſt.

TYSIPHONE.

Daughters of Acheron, whoſe powerful ſpell
Can burſt the portals nine of yawning hell,
With dauntleſs heart, and fearleſs eyes,
Attend prophetic myſteries.

CHO.—*With dauntleſs heart, &c.*

MÆGERA.

Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice we trace the hidden crime;
Thrice pronounce, in accents dread,
Vengeance on the guilty head.

CHO.—*With dauntleſs heart, &c.*

ALECTO.

Soon ſhall Almunecar's ſhore
Echo to the battle's roar;
Soon ſhall ruthleſs-Ferrand feel,
Crimſon-ſpear, and purple-ſteel.

CHO.—*With dauntleſs heart, &c.*

TYSIPHONE.

From out the womb of air a ſtorm comes forth,
Borne on the pinions of the bleaky north!

(Here the Moon becomes totally obſcured by the gathering Clouds.)

TRIO.

Through the murky-mantled-ſky,
Hark! the raven's boding cry,
To the deep-ton'd-thunder's roar!
Sickly dews of ebon night,
Spectres wan, and wild affright,
Fill the ſea-encircled-ſhore!
Terrific ſtorms, ariſe, ariſe,
And mingle, mingle ſeas and ſkies.

[*The* FURIES Exeunt *into the Caverns of the Rocks, which cloſe upon them.—A dreadful Storm ariſes: a Ship, after firing repeated ſignals of diſtreſs, is ſeen to wreck upon the Rocks.—After a time the Tempeſt ſubſides, and the Moon emerges in full ſplendor from the veil of Clouds.*]

Enter ATHOLD *and* EDWY.

EDWY.

Mercy on me, what a ſtorm! When the winds broke looſe, our ſhip began to reel, and, like a drunken man, took in ſo faſt the liquor, that down ſhe ſunk. (ATHOLD *ſighs.*) Oh, Sir, do not grieve ſo piteouſly; a ſigh is apt to make me melancholy, for I conſider it as the bewailing ſpirit of the ſoul, for the loſs of happineſs.

ATHOLD.

True: ſighs are the impriſon'd vapours of a care-worn mind. Oh! that your friendly arm, which ſnatch'd me from the wide expanſe of ocean, had ſunk me to the loweſt bottom of it!

EDWY.

Look you, Sir, I am right Engliſh; my old father, who was the beſt mower of a beard in all London, was pleas'd to ſtore this upper warehouſe of mine with ſome unfaſhionable lumber, called Virtue; and, whilſt I breathe, it never ſhall be ſaid that I ſo much diſgrac'd my tutor, or my country, as to plunge the wretched deeper in diſtreſs.

ATHOLD.

Edwy, thy ſtrong fidelity is regiſter'd on the page of gratitude.

EDWY.

Then all I requeſt, Sir, is, that you will never tear out the leaf.—(ATHOLD *here turns away, and weeps.*)—Nay, do not weep, for you may chance to blot the page.—Well, for my part, I thank my deſtiny I was not born to be drowned. Had I not been gifted with a duck-like quality, I ſhould, ere this, have gone to the fiſh-market, and been ſerv'd up, by a couple of mermaids, ſcollop'd in a turtle's ſhell,

for Neptune's ſupper; or, perhaps, Jonas-like, have had board, lodging, and waſhing, in the belly of a whale.

ATHOLD.

Doſt think that all the veſſel's crew were ſwallow'd in the mercileſs abyſs?

EDWY.

Every ſoul, Sir; from the fat-paunch'd friar to the lean cabin-boy. All are by this time ſalted down, and in a pretty pickle.

ATHOLD.

But how didſt thou eſcape the threatening malice of the elements?

EDWY.

I found ſome difficulty in that, to be ſure; but I verily believe old Ocean knew the burthen that he bore was an Engliſhman; for, hang me, if the riſing waves did not vie with each other which ſhould firſt jump into my mouth. I was ſo teaz'd with repeated compliments of the ſame kind, that it ſeem'd as if each billow was playing the dentiſt, and ſcaling my teeth.

ATHOLD.

Few bear the buffets of taunting Fortune with ſo light an heart.

ATHOLD.

True: ſighs are the impriſon'd vapours of a care-worn mind. Oh! that your friendly arm, which ſnatch'd me from the wide expanſe of ocean, had ſunk me to the loweſt bottom of it!

EDWY.

Look you, Sir, I am right Engliſh; my old father, who was the beſt mower of a beard in all London, was pleas'd to ſtore this upper ware-houſe of mine with ſome unfaſhionable lumber, called Virtue; and, whilſt I breathe, it never ſhall be ſaid that I ſo much diſgrac'd my tutor, or my country, as to plunge the wretched deeper in diſtreſs.

ATHOLD.

Edwy, thy ſtrong fidelity is regiſter'd on the page of gratitude.

EDWY.

Then all I requeſt, Sir, is, that you will never tear out the leaf.—(ATHOLD *here turns away, and weeps.*)—Nay, do not weep, for you may chance to blot the page.—Well, for my part, I thank my deſtiny I was not born to be drowned. Had I not been gifted with a duck-like quality, I ſhould, ere this, have gone to the fiſh-market, and been ſerv'd up, by a couple of mermaids, ſcollop'd in a turtle's ſhell,

for Neptune's ſupper; or, perhaps, Jonas-like, have had board, lodging, and waſhing, in the belly of a whale.

ATHOLD.

Doſt think that all the veſſel's crew were ſwallow'd in the mercileſs abyſs?

EDWY.

Every ſoul, Sir; from the fat-paunch'd friar to the lean cabin-boy. All are by this time ſalted down, and in a pretty pickle.

ATHOLD.

But how didſt thou eſcape the threatening malice of the elements?

EDWY.

I found ſome difficulty in that, to be ſure; but I verily believe old Ocean knew the burthen that he bore was an Engliſhman; for, hang me, if the riſing waves did not vie with each other which ſhould firſt jump into my mouth. I was ſo teaz'd with repeated compliments of the ſame kind, that it ſeem'd as if each billow was playing the dentiſt, and ſcaling my teeth.

ATHOLD.

Few bear the buffets of taunting Fortune with ſo light an heart.

EDWY.

For all my merriment, I wiſh her buffets were leſs violent.—A goddeſs do they call her? I am ſure, for a lady, ſhe's a mighty great bruiſer, and gives the hardeſt blows I ever felt. Whilſt I lay ſous'd in Neptune's pickle-jar, I was marvellouſly afraid I ſhould have been ſent into the other world, like Lot's wife, a mere pillar of ſalt.

ATHOLD.

You are full of ſpirits.

EDWY.

No, Sir, I am full of ſalt-water.—You muſt know that I have been flattered into an opinion that laughing becomes my face better than crying.—Now, Sir, do but follow my example, and you'd ſmooth the brow of Care.

ATHOLD.

Grief is too cloſe an inmate here. E'en Hope, the wretch's laſt reſource, ne'er warms my cheerleſs boſom with its vital beam. Now, moody Diſappointment, vulture of the mind, preys on my heart-ſtrings, and I muſt henceforth hug the faded form of comfortleſs Deſpair!

EDWY.

To ſee the difference of men's humours!—I was always for hugging ſomething of a fairer

colour. Sorrow has ſuch a grim-viſag'd, Black-amoor-complexion, that I ſhould never be enamour'd of her face.

ATHOLD.

Defer your jeſting for awhile, till I unfold the ſad, ſad ſtory of my woes.—You may remember the fair Elvira, whoſe ermin'd purity the ve-nom'd tongue of Slander never ſtain'd. To this ſame matchleſs beauty was my life enſlav'd; but, oh! what thrilling tranſports play'd about my heart, when, with a roſy-tinctur'd glow upon her cheek, and with love-breathing ac-cents, ſhe confeſs'd a mutual flame.

EDWY.

Did the flame you ſpeak of never burn out, Sir?

ATHOLD.

In an unwary moment, encircled by a band of hell-hounds, called gameſters, I loſt my whole eſtate. Stung with remorſe, I could not bear the ſcoffs of grinning Infamy, nor the cold finger of ghaſtly Poverty.—To retrieve my ſhatter'd fortune, I embark'd for the weſtern world.—Plutus, at length, unlock'd his treaſury of wealth.

EDWY.

I wiſh, Sir, you would introduce me to that ſame Prime Miniſter of the gold-coaſt, Mr.

Plutus. Perhaps he might give me the key of the Treasury, and if I once got into office there, I would reward my services, as other wise men have done before me.

ATHOLD.

Crown'd with the riches of Peru, I return'd to England, and on the gladsome wing of Joy I hasten'd to Elvira; but she, alas! had fled.—Heart-broken, she was following me to the Indies, when the vessel, and all the passengers, were captur'd by a Spanish privateer. With intent to search out the place of her captivity, and ransom her from ignominious bondage, I undertook this fatal voyage which has wreck'd my hopes.

EDWY.

If it please you to lean upon me as the anchor of your hope, I trust, the cordage of my affection will never crack.

ATHOLD.

Edwy, such gratitude as thine would sure unman the roughest mould with woman's tears.—But come, let us seek out some moss-grown beach, and there repose our aching limbs, until the torch of day shall light us o'er these boundless forests, and guide us to some lonely cot, where Hospitality presides to give a welcome to the weary traveller. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Wood.*

Enter Three FISHERMEN.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

Is't not plaguy hard now, that not a fiſh worth catching has come to net this evening?

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Not at all; you always ſwear ſo much, and that's the very reaſon we've ſuch *damned* ill luck.

THIRD FISHERMAN.

Swear too much! Here's an odd fiſh for you! Why, you paltry ſprat, an oath is the very amen of a mariner's prayer.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

I marvel now in what manner the fiſhes live in the ſea!

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Why, you ignorant porpus, they live like ſome of your grandees on ſhore.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

Marry, how is that?

THIRD FISHERMAN.

Why, the great ones eat up the little ones.

(*The* FISHERMEN *retire up.*)

Enter ATHOLD *and* EDWY.

EDWY.

I am ſure, Sir, I heard a noiſe.

ATHOLD.

'Twas nothing but the whiſp'ring wind, breath'd through yon churliſh hawthorn.

EDWY.

And the buſh, I ſuppoſe, was chiding the gentle breath that kiſs'd it.

(*The* FISHERMEN *advance.*)

FIRST FISHERMAN.

What are you?

EDWY.

Men—Gentlemen, with full hearts, and empty ſtomachs.—Pray, Don Whiſkerandos, (for by your muſtaches I perceive ye to be Spaniards,) in what part of Spain are we now?

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Why, you are now on the ſhore of Almunecar, in the kingdom of Granada.

EDWY.

This gentleman wiſhes to know if there is any hut, houſe, or caſtle, near us, where we might unload the burthen of misfortune, and

take in a cargo of bodily comfort: in fact, we want to kill that, that would kill us.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

Marry, who is it that you would kill?

EDWY.

A meagre fiend, called Hunger.

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Not half a mile from hence, ſtands an old caſtle, ſkirted with foreſts.—Its preſent owner is Ferrand, Marquis of Almunecar.—They do ſay—that he murder'd his kinſman to poſſeſs the title.—Be that as it may, he never ſtirs abroad, but lives coop'd up in the Tower, ſurrounded with guards.

ATHOLD.

This place will afford us refuge for ſome days, at leaſt.—Edwy, let's on.

THIRD FISHERMAN.

I wou'd not adviſe you to proceed, for I have heard no one went into that caſtle that was ever known to come out again.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

There is a terrible ſtory belongs to the eaſtern-building, called the Black Tower.

EDWY.

Black Tower! Ghoſts, and murders, what a frightful name!

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Horrid ſhrieks have been heard, at midnight, in the haunted chamber, and many who have watched there, have been carried away, and never after ſeen.—Blood too has been—

ATHOLD.

Mere fairy-fiction all.—Renfriel's curioſity impels me on!—Edwy, doſt heſitate? Away with repulſive fear, and follow me. [*Exit.*

EDWY.

Yes—Sir—I—I—I'll follow you—to my death. Oh! this damn'd Black Tower! We have been juſt duck'd in the ſea, and now, I ſuppoſe, we ſhall be hung up to dry. [*Exit.*

THIRD FISHERMAN.

What a couple of flat-fiſh they muſt be to run into the jaws of ſuch a ravenous ſhark.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

I would as ſoon have a crocodile for my bed-fellow, as ſleep one night in that caſtle.—But come, each to his hut, for to-morrow early we muſt ſail to northward.

GLEE.

When the bleaky-north-weſt blows,
Oft we freeze on polar ſnows,
Catching fiſh moſt warily:
Storms may threaten, billows roar,
Yet, when landed on the ſhore,
Thus we ſing moſt merrily!
Merrily, merrily, merrily, then,
Content in their huts are the poor fiſhermen!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An old Caſtle. A Moat and Drawbridge.* SOLDIERS *on the Ramparts.*

Enter ATHOLD *and* EDWY.

EDWY.

Mercy on me, what a gloomy appearance! Soldiers on the watch-tower too. Oh, Sir, let us make a ſpeedy retreat, or we ſhall have that caſtle for our monument.

ATHOLD.

Reſume your courage, that is the beſt way to avoid the danger which you ſo much fear.

EDWY.

No, Sir, the beſt way to avoid danger's to be out of the way. (*The bell of the watch*

tower's rung.) There, that bell's tolling for our death.

(The Drawbridge is let down, when RIMIREZ *and* SOLDIERS *paſs over, and ſurround* ATHOLD *and* EDWY.)

RIMIREZ.

(Speaking roughly.) Who are you? What do you want? Where do you come from?

EDWY.

The roaring of a lion is muſic to that fellow's voice. *(Aſide.)*

RIMIREZ.

What are you muttering of?

EDWY.

I was thanking my ſtars for having thrown us into ſuch goodly company; for, by the ſweetneſs of your voice, and the curl of your whiſkers, you muſt be the beſt temper'd man in all Spain.

RIMIREZ.

You lie!—But tell me your buſineſs, or I'll fell you to the earth.

ATHOLD.

Your patience for awhile.—We came not here as ſpies, but as two way-worn travellers. Miſfortune, with her chaſtening hand, has ſcourg'd us to the quick.

RIMIREZ.

I muſt convey you to the Marquis.—March on, and I'll bring up the rear.——Why don't you ſtir? *(To* EDWY.*)*

EDWY.

I thought you—would—ſhew me the way, kind Sir. Oh, the damned Black Tower!

(They march over the Drawbridge into the Caſtle.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Caſtle.*

Enter FERRAND *and* CARLOS.

FERRAND.

ARE the guards doubled, and the ſentinels on duty?

CARLOS.

They are, my Lord.

FERRAND.

'Tis well; thy care ſhall be rewarded; for I have mark'd the lightning of thine eye, when danger has been ſtirring.—Thou ſhalt be my golden plummet to ſound the depth of malice.

CARLOS.

I am thy vaſſal, and in all things bound to ſerve the beſt of maſters.

FERRAND.

No more—Though flattery be the food of greatneſs, it now offends me. Withdraw. [*Exit* CARLOS.] When I was innocent, I do yet remember that I could walk alone, and unaffrighted; but now, by Fancy's conjuration, I

do think the ground I tread on to be ſtrew'd with aſpics. To Suſpicion's eagle-eye, my very guards are objects of diſtruſt.

Enter CARLOS.

FERRAND.

How now? Whence comes this interruption?

CARLOS.

Two ſtrangers, (Engliſhmen as they report,) have been caught lurking without the walls.

Enter ATHOLD *and* EDWY.

ATHOLD.

Forgive, my Lord, the bold intruſion of a ſtranger, who humbly aſks an hoſpitable ſhelter from the drenching dews of night. We are two who have lately ſuffer'd ſhipwreck, bruſh'd by the hand of rude Misfortune.

EDWY.

Yes, my Lord, that lady has ſo often bruſh'd me, that my livery is grown threadbare in her ſervice.

FERRAND.

Obſerve me well. No ſtranger enters Almunecar's caſtle, but for life. From hence expect

not to depart. Here you may abide in eaſe and ſafety. But, if, with the prying eye of Curioſity, you dare to ſearch into the myſteries in which this caſtle is involv'd, mark me, thy life ſhall pay the forfeit of the bold attempt.

[*Exit, with* CARLOS.

EDWY.

So, this caſtle muſt be our priſon, after all.

ATHOLD.

Come, never repine, but bear your confinement like a man.

EDWY.

Confinement, Sir, is a ſtraight-waiſtcoat, and fit for none but madmen. Give me the ſurtout of Liberty, that ſits free, and eaſy, and preſerves the vigour of an Engliſh conſtitution.

Enter JULETTA.

JULETTA.

I am come to ſhew you to your bed-room, Sir.

EDWY.

A woman! Oh ho! that's pleaſant enough.—Whoſe daughter are you?

JULETTA.

My—my—father's.

EDWY.

Indeed! And what is he?

JULETTA.

A man; a croſs old man, nam'd Franciſco, ſteward of the caſtle.

ATHOLD.

Edwy, good night.

[*Exeunt* ATHOLD *and* JULETTA.

EDWY.

That's the prettieſt pullet of the whole hen-coop'd family.—Now for another little ſnow-white damſel to——.

Enter NEGOMBO, *a Black Woman, with a Candle.*

Mercy on me! Here's light and ſhade in one houſe! This muſt be queen of the coal-cellar!

NEGOMBO.

Me no ſavee, maſſa—Buckra-man calla me Negombo.

EDWY.

What; you are chamberlain of the Black Tower?

NEGOMBO.

Iſs—me live two time five year in him caſtle.
—But me muſt light you.

EDWY.

A black talk of lighting!—Ha! ha! ha!

NEGOMBO.

Iſs, or me get de fum-fum.

DUET.

NEGOMBO.

Negombo can't ſtay,
So, come, come away,
Or, de fum-fum will lick on him back:

EDWY.

Precede with the light,
Thou Queen of the Night,
And I'll follow thee, ſweet ſooty black,
Wid your ſee-ſaw fum.

2.

EDWY.

Nay, look not ſo glum,
My ebony-chum,
Or back I will ſend you to Guiana;

(Kiſſing her.)

NEGOMBO.

Me bluſh to be kiſt,
So, prithee, deſiſt,
Or, ſavee, dere come pickanninni;
Wid your ſee-ſaw-ſum.

[*De Capo, and Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Chamber.*

Enter O'LEARY.

By my ſoul, but this confinement is like depriving a man of his liberty. Oh, yonder comes the poor young gentlewoman that was taken priſoner at the ſame time as I was.

(Retires up.)

Enter ELVIRA.

Now muſt theſe cloiſter'd walls, with many a midnight murder ſtain'd, incloſe the wretched, loſt Elvira! Myſterious horrors frown on theſe battlements; whilſt diſmal echos through the gloomy manſion appal the wakeful captive, and the ſhrill, whiſtling wind, in ſullen murmurs through the ſhatter'd caſements, tells of an unknown deed.

O'LEARY *(advancing)*.

The bleſſings of liberty ſhine upon that pretty face of yours!

ELVIRA.

Alas, O'Leary, here are we fated to remain for life! I ſhudder at this execrable Marquis. Juſt at the cloſe of day, the haggard tyrant, fluſh'd with carouſal, burſt into my lone apartment. With oaths, that make me tremble but to think on, he vow'd another fun ſhould either make me his, or ſee me plung'd in all the tortures of inventive cruelty.

O'LEARY.

Oh, but this ſame Marquis muſt have had the Devil for his ſchoolmaſter.

ELVIRA.

Doſt think it poſſible to eſcape from out this horrid caſtle?

O'LEARY.

I know but of one mode.

ELVIRA.

Name it, good fellow!

O'LEARY.

Why, that is, to get upon the ramparts, and jump into the moat beneath. But the walls are ſo high, and the ditch ſo low, that, unleſs one had the feet of a cat, we might be after getting

a *mortal* hurt, and then it would be ten to one againſt us that we ever recovered.

ELVIRA.

Well, O'Leary, if, when I am dropp'd into the cold and ſenſeleſs grave, thou ſhould'ſt e'er eſcape from out this lonely, dim receſs; if chance, or inclination, ſhould direct thy courſe towards England, recount the ſtory of my lamentable fate.

O'LEARY.

The—the—wat'ry bubbles riſe ſo faſt, I—I—can't ſee through them. I beg your pardon, Lady, but when compaſſion breaks looſe from my heart, it is very apt to ſtream through mine eyes.—Man, they ſay, is form'd from duſt; faith, I believe, when Nature moulded me, ſhe put a little too much water in the clay.

ELVIRA.

Here, Miſery muſt languiſh unreveng'd; here, too, unguarded Innocence muſt plead in vain: for Ferrand, worſt of tyrants, mocks the tear of Pity.

O'LEARY.

Does he? Then, by my ſoul, he could never have been cut off the ſame piece of clay that I was. Dame Nature, ſure, when ſhe kneaded

his earthy dough, muſt have been in want of ſtuff; ſo, to make up weight, ſhe clapp'd a ſtone into the ſcale, which has ſarv'd him for a heart ever ſince. *(Retires up.)*

ELVIRA.

Doom'd as I am to tread ill Fortune's endleſs maze, and hourly haſt'ning to that melancholy void, when Nature dwindles into nothing; yet ſhall the fond remembrance of my Athold brighten the fading lamp of life, and rekindle the embers of expiring Hope.

O'LEARY. *(coming down).*

Och! to be ſure I have no head! For certain, now, I ſhall love myſelf better than ever.

ELVIRA.

Whence can ariſe theſe ſudden ſymptoms of unbounded joy?

O'LEARY.

I have hit it! or may I be a torch-bearer to the cloven-footed Emperor, and be *forc'd*, of my own accord, to dance round his Highneſs's bonfire, if I don't attempt to liberate you from this curſed ſtone jug, before ſix days have ſaid good night to us.

ELVIRA.

What means do you propoſe?

O'LEARY.

I'll be after bribing Franciſco, the ſteward.

ELVIRA.

There's danger in the offer—'Twill never be accepted.

O'LEARY.

Not accept the bribe! Och, but I'm ſure he will.

ELVIRA.

Wherefore think you ſo?

O'LEARY.

Becaſe—becaſe—he's a man in office.

ELVIRA.

Thy warm endeavours to befriend the ſorrows of an helpleſs woman ſhall live within my memory. Should Fortune, in her ſportive mood, ſhine through Misfortune's cloud, truſt me, honeſt friend, thy manly, daring ſpirit ſhall not want a recompence.

O'LEARY.

When I ſarve a female in diſtreſs, I am but acting as the humble deputy of a greater Power,

I don't abſolutely refuſe reward—no—for I am too poor to be proud. Should I ſucceed, I ſhall expect an hundred——heart-felt bleſſings, and ſhall draw upon this *(touching his heart)* for the payment of the debt; the feelings I ſhall enjoy there will amply reward me for a ſimple act of humanity. [*Exit.*

ELVIRA.

Generous fellow!——I know not why, but thrilling fears intrude upon my melancholy hours. This dreary caſtle, where nought but hollow-ey'd Deſpair inhabits—where, as they ſay, Revenge unſheaths the murd'rous dagger—theſe horrid images, perhaps——Oh, no; I've ſtrong conviction of ſome fatal myſtery.

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

The Marquis, Lady, would converſe with you alone, ere he retires to reſt.

ELVIRA.

Sir, I'll follow you. [*Exit* CARLOS.] And now, good Heaven, ſtrengthen the feeble efforts of my timorous ſex, that I may meet Oppreſſion's clouded brow with ſcorn, and make the tyrant feel thoſe very pangs his cruelty would give. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An old Chamber.*

Enter JULETTA, *meeting* FRANCISCO.

FRANCISCO.

Where haſt thou been loitering, huſſey?

JULETTA.

I have been lighting the young man to bed.

FRANCISCO.

Well, now you may light the *old* man to bed. Do you know who I am?

JULETTA.

It pleas'd Heaven, and my mother, to make you my father.

FRANCISCO.

Oh, ſhe was a pattern for all wives!

JULETTA.

And in the perſon of her daughter the pattern is preſerv'd.

FRANCISCO.

She left an excellent character behind.

JULETTA.

I ſhould hope, now, that ſhe carried it along with her.

FRANCISCO.

How, Julee, ſhould you like an huſband?

JULETTA.

I can't well anſwer that, as I never try'd one.

FRANCISCO.

What do you think of Rimirez, Captain of the Guard? He is the man I have in my eye for you.

JULETTA.

In your eye he may be, father, but he'll never be in my heart—for I'd ſooner turn nun, and withet at the ſhrine of ſaints, than be wedded to the man I hate.

FRANCISCO.

A nunnery, forſooth! No, no, my money ſhall never fatten monks. A convent, indeed! 'Tis all hypocritical cant. You had rather count *beards* than *beads*.—What, would you lead apes in hell?

JULETTA.

Better lead apes than fools.

FRANCISCO.

There! there! obſtinate to the laſt! Juſt as

ridiculouſly perverſe as her deceaſed mother, who was the——

JULETTA.

Pattern for all wives. *(Curtſies.)*

FRANCISCO.

None of your irony, Miſs Pert—And, let me tell you, if you perſiſt in your reſolution of a convent, and will not conſent to become the wife of Rimirez, you ſhall be immur'd within the ſolitary chambers of the Black Tower.

JULETTA.

(Kneeling.) Oh dear! Oh dear!—The very mention of the Black Tower turns me white.—Oh! I ſhall run mad. *(Stares wildly.)*

FRANCISCO.

This is the firſt time I ever heard that kneeling down was the way to run. (JULETTA *riſes.*) Why, Julee, what's the matter?—How terrible ſhe looks! How her eyes glare!

JULETTA.

I like the ſcheme ſo well, I'll better the experiment. *(Aſide.)*——See there! *(ranting)* A diſembodied ſpectre ſtalks! Look at his ſhroud! 'Tis made of cobwebs!

FRANCISCO.

She's mad! and I, her father, was the barbarous cur that bit her.

JULETTA.

Now Beelzebub, mounted on a ſalamander, beckons to my father! See, they embrace, and are ſworn brothers!

FRANCISCO.

Oh, horrid! ſhe makes me ſhake hands with the Devil!

JULETTA.

The ſpirit of *propheſy* now ſtirs within me. Mark me, this caſtle ſhall diſſolve in liquid flames! The earth ſhall yawn, and open its voracious jaws, then ſwallow up this kingdom for a luncheon!

FRANCISCO.

Well—but, Julee, when it has eaten ſuch a monſtrous lunch, what will it do for a nice tit-bit for dinner?

JULETTA.

Do! the lawyers will reſolve you that—they are univerſal earthquakes, who ſwallow up the nation at a mouthful.

FRANCISCO.

There is much method and good reaſon in her madneſs.

JULETTA.

Behold! the terraqueous globe diſparts!—My father is the victim.——Now—now—he ſinks, and ſleeps within the bowels of the earth!

FRANCISCO.

I ſhould be an unwholeſome doſe, I believe; for I'd gripe her bowels.

JULETTA.

(Laying hold of him.) Huſh! I know you would; for 'tis the complexion of all *ſtewards* to gripe and pinch the hand that feeds them.—Hark you—you have a monopoly of roguery; ſell it all for a grain of honeſty—Or, diſpoſe of it thus: give your roguery to the poor, and your honeſty to the rich—'Tis a commodity they both much lack. Do it, and they'll thrive. ——Good night—Good night!——To bed!—to bed!—to bed! [*Exit.*

FRANCISCO.

Poor ſoul! What will become of her? Ay, and what will become of *my* poor ſoul, if the world ſhould really be taken ill of a ravenous fever, and munch me up alive, in one of its

hungry fits? I have done ſo many ſly tricks, that my conſcience is pierced through and through, like a pin-cuſhion. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Gothic Hall—at the end of which is a Gallery, leading to different Apartments.*

Enter FERRAND, CARLOS, *and* GUARDS.

FERRAND.

Say, will ſhe obey my ſummons?

CARLOS.

She ſtays without, ſo pleaſe you.

FERRAND.

When laſt I courted this ſame froward girl, ſhe braved my fury—Her innocence diſarm'd my power, or, with a ſwoop, I would have ſeiz'd upon my prey. But now, though ſhe ſhould breathe perſuaſion, ſweeter than the honey'd-juice of thyme, exhal'd by Hybla's bees, I would be deaf to every ſound of pity.

CARLOS.

I think, my Lord, each paſſage to her heart is clos'd by ſome leſs worthy, but more favour'd,

rival; and much I fear, her ſtubborn honour will not eaſy bend.

FERRAND.

You know the ſex but little: women are changelings—earthly moons, that wander from their orbs, and, in ſickliеſt heat, ſteal to their ſweet Endymions.

CARLOS.

Pardon, my Lord, if I intrude beyond my duty; but I have late obſerv'd thy manly front, (where Mars hath ſurely ſet his ſeal,) furrow'd by the leaden hand of Melancholy.

FERRAND.

(Makes ſigns to the Guards, who retire.) Yes, my Carlos, there was a time, when courage kindled in this rugged breaſt the ſparks of honour; when valour ſtamp'd me with its giant-form. But now, would'ſt think it? thy maſter is debas'd—Cold fear has palſied my tough ſinews, and my lab'ring heart is petrified with horror.——Thou know'ſt the eaſtern fabrick?

CARLOS.

What, the Black Tower?

FERRAND.

The ſame.—Within that dark incloſure, I

impriſon'd my noble kinſman, generous Alphonſo, and took poſſeſſion of his large domains. —Oh, curs'd Ambition!—Fiend—Sorcereſs! that, with Circean witchery, doth pour the mad'ning draught of pleaſure to our lips, to ſteal away our reaſon! Twelve ſilver moons beheld the captive drink the drizzling dew of Sorrow. *He* languiſh'd in a dungeon, *I* rioted in bliſs.

CARLOS.

It grieves me ſore to tell you, that the babling world report ſtrange ſtories of this caſtle, and its *former* Lord. They ſay, Alphonſo was ſecretly convey'd from hence, and never after ſeen.

FERRAND.

'Tis true, but not by me. The manner of his flight lies wrapt in Myſtery's dark volume. The dreadful ſecrets of yon eaſtern turret! Oh! the very thought of that blanches my cheek, and fevers imagination e'en to madneſs. *(wildly.)* Who calls me murderer? The wretch who dares to brand me with a name ſo damn'd, had better ſuck the poiſonous diſtillment of the deadly night-ſhade, than come within my fury's reach.

CARLOS.

My Lord, be more yourſelf. Say, can the

goſſip-tales of troubled phantoms, ſo work upon the brain of man, as to entangle reaſon in their flimſy web?

FERRAND.

When thou canſt blind the viſual ſenſe, and lull Conviction to a lethargy, I then will liſten to thy ſophiſtry. Such ſights as *I* have ſeen, could never be the trick of Fancy. I tell thee, on this very ſpot, beneath the ſenſeleſs clod on which I tread, moſt horrid ſounds——

Enter ELVIRA.

But here comes one whoſe preſence charms away Deſpair.—Retire, and wait my call. [*Exit* CARLOS.] Lovely obdurate! how do thy matchleſs beauties harmonize mankind! My ſmiles can beſt interpret how I love thee.

ELVIRA.

A ſmile beſtow'd on me, is like a ſun-beam caſt upon a rock, which cannot pay the gift with any thing but barrenneſs.

FERRAND.

I am little practis'd, Lady, in the ſmooth phraſe of Love's vocabulary. Accept my hand, and all my fortunes ſhall be yours.

ELVIRA.

Splendour, my Lord, can ne'er impart tran-

quillity of mind, nor can it pluck the thorn of Grief from out an aching heart.

FERRAND.

Such holy cant may ſuit a *wily* churchman's reverend zeal, but here it blurs the luſtre of thoſe ſparkling orbs.—Come, come, this coyneſs is diſſembled; prithee, yield. *(Laying hold of her.)*

ELVIRA.

(Throwing him aſide.) Never! *(kneels)* Pity, good Heaven, an helpleſs maiden! and teach her to ſuſtain, with more than woman's fortitude, the rougheſt wrongs that tyranny exerts againſt the weak, defenceleſs, and the poor oppreſſed! *(Riſing.)*

FERRAND.

Such idle prating frets my patience. My quick pulſe beats high, and chides my lagging frame, to be thus tamely ſchool'd, and tutor'd, by a whining girl. *(Laying hold of her.)* Either conſent, or force ſhall maſter thee. Think on't, and tremble.

(A deep, hollow Voice, from underneath the Stage, cries "Tremble!")

FERRAND.

(*Starting.*) Thou dull, inſenſate earth! what

troubled ſpirit wanders in thy clay-cold manſion, that thou, with moſt miraculous organs, can'ſt thus articulate ſuch ſound as vanquiſhes the hearer? Ere now, twice has thy warning voice unman'd me, e'en to boyiſh-cowardice! Oh ſhame, to think a puny wench can ſtand unmov'd, whilſt my ſtrong ſinews ſhrink with wonder! No more of that—'tis paſt—You, Lady, mark my words—I ſhall not parley at our next encounter. If ſoft compliance ſmooths thy brow, 'tis well—if not, expect the worſt.

ELVIRA.

I have a virtuous mind, which, though depreſs'd, cannot be extinguiſhed, by the unfeeling barbarity of a tyrant. [*Exit.*

FERRAND.

If I may truſt to viſionary fears, I ſhould forebode ſome heavy ſtorm began to lour, and bellow'd vengeance. What, if I repent? Ah, no; for though Repentance could borrow all the glorious wings of Grace, my mountainous weight of ſins would crack their pinions, and ſink me down to fathomleſs perdition.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Gothic Hall.*

Enter JULETTA, *meeting* EDWY.

JULETTA.

WELL, Edwy, how did you reſt laſt night?

EDWY.

I defy any thing to reſt here. I have been frighten'd into an ague—my teeth chatter'd all the night. My ivory-grinders will be ſo looſen'd, that my tongue will play at bowls with them, and knock 'em down, like ſo many nine-pins.

JULETTA.

Why, what's the matter with thee?

EDWY.

I had not been in bed an hour, before I was awakened by an hideous groan. Then, for muſic, I had the rattling of chains all night. Fear made ſuch an heat within me, that my poor hands were like a ſtewpan, and boil'd away my courage.

JULETTA.

Beſhrew me, but I'm ſorry for thee.

EDWY.

There I lay upon my back, with my poor jaws extended, like a trap to catch muſquitos.

JULETTA.

Who was't that ſhew'd you to your chamber?

EDWY.

One of the Devil's bedmakers, for ſhe wore his livery.

JULETTA.

Oh, it was our negro—Negombo, who is the ſoureſt domeſtic——

EDWY.

I thought as much, for ſhe look'd very *black* at me.

JULETTA.

She certainly put you into the cedar-room, which has a ſecret communication with the eaſtern turret.

EDWY.

May the north-weſt bleach her for it!

JULETTA.

It was but a joke.

EDWY.

I am not ſo fond of a black joke.

JULETTA.

Ay, Edwy, I cou'd tell you ſuch a ſtory of this caſtle, that your very hair would ſtand an end, like a brinded cat before an unkennell'd cur.

EDWY.

Begin; for I will liſten with the curioſity of an eves-dropper.

JULETTA.

About two years ſince, the preſent Marquis came on a viſit to his kinſman, and ſoon after brib'd the ſoldiery to deſert: the daſtard mutineers, by Ferrand's order, then ſeiz'd upon Alphonſo, and, at the ſilent hour of midnight, convey'd him to the Black Tower.

EDWY.

I never hear the ſound of that word, but what my ſenſes are benumb'd, and my blood ſo chill'd, that it flows as ſlow as charity.

JULETTA.

It was at laſt rumour'd that he diſappear'd one night.—No one believ'd the tale, for all imagine that poiſon, or the dagger——

EDWY.

And Ferrand, I ſuppoſe, ſtood man-butcher on the occaſion, in this human-ſlaughter-houſe.

JULETTA.

So it is given out.—Now, ſince Alphonſo's myſterious removal, ſtrange apparitions, and uncommon noiſes, have been ſeen, and heard, within the Tower.

EDWY.

Yes, truly, my ears can bear teſtimony of their ghoſtly-yells. It would ſeem, that laſt night they had doff'd their ſhrouds to revel in their club-room, and drink to our better acquaintance.——A mighty pleaſant, agreeable place this! Blood-ſucking-murder ſtares one in the face, by day—and grinning ſpectres put valour out of countenance, by night; ſo that if I eſcape being cut up by the carving-knife of ſome aſſaſſin, my courage will fall into a ſwoon, and I ſhall die, like a pitiful coward, of a fright.

JULETTA.

'Spite of maiden baſhfulneſs, I e'en muſt tell thee, that ſhould miſhap e'er harm thee, my poor eyes would weep their fountains dry.

EDWY.

(Stifling his tears.) Umph! Pſhaw! Now ſhall I e'en be kill'd with kindneſs.—Truſt me, ſweet wench, thy affection goes well nigh to make me downright blubber. Our love is but

of ſhort growth, but methinks ſuch ſhowers as theſe will make it finely ſprout.

JULETTA.

Let it but grow as high as thy heart, and I care not.

EDWY.

And, in due time, it may ſhoot forth branches. I ſwear to thee, that the firſt level of thoſe pretty tranſparent bullets of thine, ſhot from Love's battery, graz'd me; then rais'd the ſkin, and at laſt ſo wounded me, that no ointment but this can heal the ſmart. *(Kiſſing her lips.)*

JULETTA.

If thou art a right ſample of thy nation, truly thy countrymen muſt be fops.

EDWY.

Why ſo, my dainty damſel?

JULETTA.

Becauſe you are ſo fond of lip-ſalve. *(archly)* But would'ſt thou marry me?

EDWY.

Ay, marry would I, and ſtick to thee as cloſe as a bliſter. Then we would be ſo happy, for I am well known to the goddeſs Fortune.

JULETTA.

Ay, Fortune ſeems to follow you.

EDWY.

Right—ſhe has always follow'd me; but ſhe's ſuch a limping harridan, that ſhe never yet came up to me, to ſay, Edwy, how do you do, my dear boy?—I am very glad to ſee you!

JULETTA.

I wiſh that you, your maſter, and myſelf, could creep through theſe walls; for I would journey with thee, though my feet were cramp'd in tight ſhoes, and every toe was bliſter'd with a corn.

EDWY.

And ſhould it chance thy weary'd limbs ſhould cripple by the way, thou ſhould'ſt lean upon me as thy crutch, Juletta.

[*Exeunt, arm in arm.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

Enter FERRAND *and* CARLOS.

FERRAND.

Go, bid Elvira haſten to my preſence. [*Exit* CARLOS.] This peerleſs maiden, born an alien

to theſe ſouthern ſkies, eclipſes all our Spaniſh dames. Oh, ſhe is Nature's faireſt work! Yet, though I've practic'd glozing courteſy to win her, ſtill has her ſex's prudery mock'd every artifice of wary Love. By Heaven, this coyneſs muſt be phyſick'd.——

Enter ELVIRA.

That penſive melancholy, Lady, doth almoſt freeze thee into lifeleſs apathy.

ELVIRA.

The gloom, my Lord, that hangs ſo heavy on my tear-ſtain'd cheek, is but an outward garb of ſorrow, that mourns the death of happineſs within. 'Tis in your power to dreſs theſe faded features with a ſmile.

FERRAND.

Name but the means, and quickly tell me what I muſt beſtow.

ELVIRA.

Liberty.

FERRAND.

Liberty!

ELVIRA.

Yes, freedom; that precious gift, which Nature, in her laviſh bounty, equally beſtows on

all. It is the beſt prerogative of Kings—the brighteſt jewel that ſparkles on a diadem—the poor man's birthright:—and doth enrich the lowly hind, as well as the throned monarch.

FERRAND.

Publiſh that darling theme to unenlighten'd minds, and catch the unwary in your ſubtle web; the truly rational heed not ſuch falſe philoſophy. Under the ſpecious form of Liberty, there is often more real cruelty to be met with, than in a Nero, or a Caligula. 'Tis the people's toy, indeed, which they will play with, till they break in pieces—Throw off this mawkiſh virtue, and let Cupid revel in thoſe chryſtal mirrors. Such paſſionate deſires now frolic in my veins, that thus I will entwine thee in a rapturous embrace, and baſk in Beauty's ſunſhine.

ELVIRA.

(Throwing him from her.) Ah, rather place me on the barren ſands, where no tree is nouriſhed by the genial air; where clouds and noxious atmoſphere infeſt—and I would linger out my days in horrors ſuch as theſe, rather than ſtain my virgin honour, or link my ſoul unto a loathed—murderer!

FERRAND.

Bliſters on thy tongue, thou venom'd ſlanderer!—Obſerve me well. This place has privacy for amorous dalliance. My guards are watchful as the lynx. Who then ſhall interrupt me in the luſcious banquet? Thyſelf unarm'd too.

ELVIRA.

Thou doſt miſtake: I have the beſt of weapons—an undaunted heart! Though circled by your vengeful band of armed ruffians, I would defy thy threat'ning mien.

FERRAND.

Thou might'ſt as well perſuade me, that the ſnowy-fleece of Heaven is but an Æthiop's wool, as make me fear thy Amazonion proweſs.

ELVIRA.

Where was thy boaſted valour, when the groaning earth teem'd with prophetic ſounds? Didſt thou not ſtand aghaſt, whilſt thine enſanguin'd cheeks, fann'd by the breath of Fear, grew pale with gazing? Didſt thou not tremble, coward, as thou art?

FERRAND.

Coward! Diſtraction! Though twenty thouſand cherubs ſpread their wings, and blew their

clarions to awaken pity, I would ſeize upon thee thus. *(Seizing hold of her.)*

Enter O'LEARY, *with a drawn Sword, ruſhing between them.*

O'LEARY.

By my ſoul, but you ſhall not.

FERRAND.

Baſe reptile, what art thou?

O'LEARY.

Not one of the cherubims you talk'd about; I am only a man—and that's a title which your highneſs, with all your grandeur, cannot boaſt of.

FERRAND.

Fellow, give me way.

(Endeavouring to approach ELVIRA.)

O'LEARY.

Look you, my Lord—if thou dar'ſt advance one ſtep to wrong her, I may haply turn ſurgeon, and be after blading you with this bit of a lancet. *(Holding up the ſword.)*

FERRAND.

Imperious dame! thy triumph ſhall be crown'd with wreaths of thorns. To be thus croſs'd,

and baffled by a miſcreant ſlave! I ſwear, by every dæmon of inſulted greatneſs, that Vengeance, with her ſcorpion-ſting, ſhall kill each roſe that crimſons on her cheek. [*Exit.*

O'LEARY.

If *he* is a ſpecimen of nobility, Heaven keep me from ſuch dignity.—There is not ſo *little* a being in the whole creation, as a *great* man diſcover'd in a diſhonourable action.

ELVIRA.

Grandeur, hide thine head! Since a poor captive, hunted by the rugged heel of Miſery, gives to the wretched, from the ſacred ſource of pity, a ſympathizing tear: whilſt coward-Ferrand, perch'd on the top of Fortune, and with the means to make the miſerable happy, ſpurns the glowing impulſe of Humanity.

O'LEARY.

Och, to be ſure, there can't be a greater pleaſure to a feeling ſoul, than to ſee a female, young and beautiful, ſurrounded by *in*-ſur-mountable difficulties, for the comfortable ſatisfaction of helping her out of them.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter RIMIREZ *and* FRANCISCO.

FRANCISCO.

How ſucceed you with my daughter?

RIMIREZ.

In truth, Franciſco, I have but little ſtomach to renew the charge—She's mad.

FRANCISCO.

That's nothing—all women have, at times, a touch of madneſs. You ſhould take a wife, as you drink punch; in which you will find ſome little ſweet, mixed with the more powerful compound of ſpirit and acid.

RIMIREZ.

Yes, but ſuch beverage, you know, often flies to the brain, and occaſions a ſhooting pain acroſs the forehead; ſo that your daughter might haply make *me—born* mad. [*Exit.*

FRANCISCO.

When Death took a fancy to my poor dear wife, and ſuddenly elop'd with her, I thought I had parted with all my cares; but, to plague me by proxy, ſhe left a daughter behind.

SONG.

My brain muſt have ſurely been teaz'd by the
Devil,
When I marry'd a wife, the mother of evil;
Tho' at firſt 'twas my deary—my duckling—
my bliſs—
How I doat on my darling! I do by this kiſs!
You, lovely ſweet angel,
With kiſſes I ſtrangle;
Oh! my life, ſoul, and joy,
Do preſent me a boy!
The gods, as a gift, muſt have ſent you to me!

2.

Two honey-moons ſcarce were completely
well over,
A fury ſhe turn'd, from a mild, gentle lover;
And wiſh'd that in wedlock I never had caught
her—
To plague me the more ſhe preſents me a
daughter!
Come, bring me a ladle,
For child in the cradle,
Don't you hear how it bawls,
And for pap how it ſqualls!
The Devil poſſeſs'd me to think of a wife!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A front Chamber.*

Enter ATHOLD.

I am environ'd by remorſeleſs villains, whoſe low'ring brows brood over unhatch'd murder. The dark, myſterious tale, that Edwy hath unfolded, harrows up my ſoul.—Night now hath hung her mourning veſture on the back of day, and brings to many a wretch a ſhort oblivion to their woes: but I can taſte of no repoſe—ſleeping, or waking, my Elvira's image is ever preſent to my mental ſight.——

Enter EDWY, *pale, and in haſte.*

Edwy, what news? That pale, wan viſage, tells a deed of horror.—Speak; unfold thy errand.

EDWY.

Oh, Sir! there's not a corner in the caſtle, above or below ground, but what is full of myſtery, witchery, and the devil.

ATHOLD.

What new alarm has caus'd theſe fears?

EDWY.

Croſſing the Hall, I ſaw the Marquis unattended, muffled in a cloak, deſcend ſome

winding ſtairs. I follow'd unobſerv'd, and by the glimmering of his torch, perceiv'd him to unbolt a maſſy, folding door, which, through his haſte, he left unclos'd. I approach'd the entrance, and beheld a vaulted chamber, hung round with antique pictures; one, much larger than the reſt, was hid by a black obſcuring veil. Ah, Sir, I have heard ſad ſtories of that picture.——The door, they ſay, is open'd by the preſſure of a ſecret ſpring.

ATHOLD.

Did you not watch the Marquis?

EDWY.

I did; and no doubt ſhould have caught him in ſome helliſh amuſement, but for a teazing cough that ſeiz'd me, which made me bark as loud as a maſtiff, and forc'd me to run away as ſwift as a greyhound.

Enter FERRAND, CARLOS, *and* GUARDS.

FERRAND.

(*To* EDWY.) What raſh temerity hath puſh'd thee on to thy undoing?——What boldneſs prompted thee to ſearch into my private haunts, and, like a robber, try to ſteal the hidden ſecrets of my heart?

EDWY.

My Lord—you—you—are deceiv'd; I never try'd to ſteal your heart; I have, thank Heaven, a *ſound* one of my own—And, I aſſure your Lordſhip, I am neither a robber—nor—nor—a—murderer.

FERRAND.

Audacious ſlave! this artful cavilling is vain. Carlos, produce the evidence of his guilt.—(CARLOS *produces* EDWY'S *hat.*) This very hat was found within the ſecret cavern; therefore, thy life is forfeit.—Nay, view it well; thy name is cypher'd there. Canſt thou deny the charge?

EDWY.

(To CARLOS, *who is about to give him his hat.)* Nay, keep it; for I ſuppoſe you'll have my head to-morrow, and then I ſhall have no further occaſion for the covering.

ATHOLD.

My Lord, let me entreat your pardon for this poor offender. 'Twould grieve me ſore to ſee him die, for he hath follow'd me, in faithful love, through all the changes of my wayward fortune. *(Weeps.)*

FERRAND.

What means this *womaniſh* appeal to mercy?

Such tears, methinks, ſhew little of the manly advocate.

ATHOLD.

My Lord, my Lord, the drops which Sympathy diſtils, can never ſhame the cryſtal font from whence they flow.

FERRAND.

Well then, his life I pardon.

EDWY.

Thank you, my Lord. Give me my hat. *(Snatches it from* CARLOS.) As you will not have the chopping of the nut, *(pointing to his head,)* I will e'en put it into the ſhell again.

(Putting his hat on.)

FERRAND.

But to diſcourage ſuch attempts again, this puniſhment I award.

EDWY.

My Lord, if you would wiſh me never to repeat the fault, baniſh me your caſtle, and I promiſe never to return to it again.

FERRAND.

Peace, prattler; this night you ſleep within the chambers of the eaſtern turret.

EDWY.

What—what—the—the—Black Tower?

FERRAND.

The ſame.—The lamps of night are now far waſted. Carlos, remember, at the hour of midnight, to lodge him ſafe where I command.

[*Exeunt* FERRAND, CARLOS, *and* GUARDS.

EDWY.

(Taking ATHOLD *by the hand.)* My dear, dear maſter, fare you well; for I ſhall never, never ſee you more.

ATHOLD.

Nay, my good fellow, ſhake off thoſe idle fears.

EDWY.

Thoſe fears, I doubt, will ſhake *me* off. That Tower is haunted by evil ſpirits; a regiment of *Devils* keep watch there; and I have a mortal averſion to ſuch *black*-guard company.

ATHOLD.

Such rumours are the coinage of diſtemper'd fancy. That Power, who thunders terror to a guilty ſoul, ſtill ſmiles on Innocence, and with the tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to Virtue.

[*Exit.*

EDWY.

Truly, there is much comfort in that reflection, for it revives me like a cordial. The hour draws near. I wish the day had never gone to bed, or that Time would fall into a swoon.

(Going.)

Enter JULETTA.

Edwy!

EDWY.

She here! I won't acquaint her with what has happened. *(Aside.)*

JULETTA.

Do you know that some poor devil of a fellow (who, I am yet to learn,) is to sleep in the Black Tower all night?

EDWY.

Poor fellow!

JULETTA.

I am sorry for the poor wretch—An't you?

EDWY.

Yes, in faith, I pity him from my very soul.

JULETTA.

Now, as you and I are alone, I will tell you every thing concerning of that dismal place.

EDWY.

No—no—I had rather not liſten to it at preſent.

JULETTA.

Nay, but you muſt; for it is a moſt horrid ſtory, and will pleaſe you very much.

EDWY.

You were never more miſtaken. *(Aſide.)* 'Tis very late, and I want to go to reſt. *(Yawns.)* I am ſo ſleepy.

JULETTA.

I'll waken you. *(Gets two chairs.)* There, ſit down. *(Draws her chair cloſe to his.)* This Black Tower——

EDWY.

Now, do let me go.

(Riſing. She pulls him back.)

JULETTA.

This Black Tower is roof'd with the bones of men.

EDWY.

Mercy on me!

JULETTA.

Now, this poor creature, who is to lie there, will never come out again.

EDWY.

No!

JULETTA.

No—numbers have watch'd there before, and all of them have diſappeared. Now, Heaven forgive me for the thought, but I do think the Marquis has them murder'd there. (EDWY *appears pale, and agitated.*) Why, Edwy, thou doſt not appear to reliſh the ſtory. Thou look'ſt as terrified as if *thou* wert ſentenc'd to the Tower.—Art not well?—In truth, thou'rt very pale.

EDWY.

I will not break her heart by telling her. (*Aſide.*) Pale am I? How can that be? (*Attempting a forced laugh.*) When I am ſo—ſo—agreeably amus'd—Ha! ha! ha!——Oh dear! (*Sighs aſide.*)

JULETTA.

I knew you'd like it.—Now, in this eaſtern chamber, there walks an hideous phantom—a black, ugly Devil——

Enter NEGOMBO.

(JULETTA *ſcreams.*)—There, there it is!

(*Riſes, and hides herſelf behind* EDWY.)

EDWY.

Juletta, what's the matter? 'Tis no one but Negombo, my old friend, the black joke.

JULETTA.

Hang the intruder—I took her for the Devil.

NEGOMBO.

Poor black, ſcare buckra-woman!—Ha! ha! dat is good joke.

EDWY.

Why, yes, my little blackbird.

NEGOMBO.

Top your tongue, and no ſpeaka—Maſſa Carlos ſent me here to ſay, you muſt now go—

EDWY.

(*Stopping her mouth, that* JULETTA *may not hear.*) Well, well, ſay no more—I know it—I muſt go to bed.

NEGOMBO.

Iſs, and ſleep in de——

EDWY.

(*Stopping her mouth.*) Ay, I muſt go to bed, and ſleep.

NEGUMBO.

In de Black Tower!

(EDWY *and* JULETTA *look for ſome time on each other, unable to ſpeak.*)

JULETTA.

What, Edwy, are—you—you—the—the—

EDWY.

Yes, I am that poor fellow.

NEGOMBO.

She no ſavee, he vas de man—dat is anoder good joke, ha! ha!

EDWY.

Thou croaking raven, I'll pay you for your black joke. (*Beats her off, and Exit.*)

JULETTA.

Oh! oh! oh! my poor—dear—ſweet—unfortunate Edwy. [*Exit, ſobbing.*

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in the Black Tower; the Windows are diſmantled, and the whole Apartment has a ruinous and diſmal Appearance.*

Enter EDWY, RIMIREZ, *and* GUARDS.

RIMIREZ.

Here you muſt abide 'till break of day.—There's an unſheath'd ſword, and a bottle on the table; the one will give you ſpirits, and the other will drive them away, if they ſhould haunt you. (*Diſtant thunder is heard.*) The night's unruly—but, never fear—Quaff your wine, get drunk, and defy the Devil and all his works.

[*Exit* RIMIREZ *and* GUARDS.—*The Door is heard to lock on the outſide.*

EDWY.

(*Surveying the room.*) By the dingy appearance of this apartment, it would ſeem that the ſpiders had eſtabliſhed a cobweb manufactory here. (*The wind roars through the caſements.*) I don't much like this piping of the wind, for it whiſtles curſedly out of tune. (*Thunders.*) Oh! what a ſtorm is brewing. (*The rain beats againſt the windows.*) Ay, now they have tapp'd the

barrels, and the whole elements will be drunk! (*A violent ſtorm of thunder, lightning, and rain.*) What a tremendous night!——The tempeſt ſeems abated.—I'll e'en ſit down, and drink a drop of comfort. (*Seats himſelf.—Juſt as he applies the bottle to his mouth, the Caſtle-clock ſtrikes one.*) This is the wonted hour when ſpirits leave their graves. That iron-tongue of Time has hallood to awake them. (*Another ſtorm.—The lightning ſtrikes againſt the wainſcot neareſt the window; the ſhatter'd pieces fall to the ground, and diſcover a receſs, in which a human Skeleton is ſeen, in an upright poſture.*) What's that? (*Takes up the ſword, and traverſes the room with trembling ſteps.*) What's here? (*Starts at ſight of the Skeleton.*) Merciful Heaven! the diſfigur'd remnants of ſome murder'd wretch! My fears were true.—Oh this infernal Marquis! Another year, and I may be a preſerv'd mummy, or my bones will ornament the oppoſite receſs.—— (*A loud rattling of chains.*) The blood-hounds come! By Heaven, if I am doom'd to fall by ſome aſſaſſin's hand, I'll——(*Places the candle on a table, and puts himſelf in a poſture of defence.—A large center pannel is mov'd aſide, when a Spectre enters, and ſtands before* EDWY, *who views it for ſome time in fear.*) 'Tis ſure a phantom! (*The Spectre points to the Skeleton.*) Ay,

'tis the body of that ſkeleton.——Be pacify'd, poor reſtleſs ghoſt, I will not rob you of your bones. (*The Spectre now moves towards the pannel, and waves his hand for* EDWY *to follow him.*) What! muſt I follow thee? (*Waves again.*) Your patience for awhile; content you that I remain here, and I am ſure to follow you.—(*Waves again.*) Some myſtery may be explain'd. ——Go on—Though the Devil was the porter, and kept the gate, I'd on!

(*The Spectre moves through the pannel,* EDWY *ſnatches up the candle, and follows with his ſword: when they are both gone out, ſuddenly the pannel ſlides into its place again.—The Storm is renew'd, and the Curtain drops.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cave.*

Six FURIES *are ſeen employed about a Loom; whilſt they weave,* MÆGERA, ALECTO, *and* TYSIPHONE, *(the Three Fatal Siſters,) ſing this Incantation, thoſe at the Loom joining Chorus.**

MÆGERA.

"HAIL, ye midnight ſiſters, hail!
"Let your ſecret charms prevail."

ALECTO.

"Drive the ſhuttle ſwift along,
"Weave the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong."

TYSIPHONE.

Scare with Horror's mutt'ring ſounds,
Whilſt the dreadful ſpell reſounds.

MÆGERA.

The waning moon, long hid behind a cloud,
Now paly glimmers thro' the wat'ry ſhroud.

* The idea of this Scene is taken from Gray's "Fatal Siſters," an Ode.

ALECTO.

Ye nightly hags, attune your voice,
The ſtorm is paſt, rejoice, rejoice!

TRIO.

Whilſt Cynthia hangs her lamp on high,
And twinkling ſtars illume the ſky;
Whilſt midnight ſprites, in frolic-prance,
Lead gelid Fairies down the dance—
Ere dappled morn begins to break,
Aurora ſhoot her waving ſtreak,
Let us ſolemn rites be doing,
Good to ſome, to others ruin.

CHO.—*Let us ſolemn rites, &c.*

TYSIPHONE.

See, upon the iron loom,
Ferrand's fate, and Ferrand's doom!

MÆGERA.

"Gor'd with many a gaping wound,"
The dauntleſs Ferrand bites the ground,

ALECTO.

Hark! the Fates triumphant cry,
'Spite of valour he ſhall die.

TYSIPHONE.

Mark his laſt expiring breath—
Weave the funeral web of death.

SONG & CHORUS.

MÆGERA.

Siſters of the magic-ſpell,
Throw the myſtic-charms around;
Hoarſely bray, with hideous yell,
Proſtrate Guilt ſhall gnaw the ground.

CHORUS.

Sickly Conſcience, Terror's child,
Haunt him with thy viſions wild.

ALECTO.

Girt with iron-twiſted-mail,
Plumed helmets on thine head;
Yet, when nightly fears aſſail,
What is ſtrength when Peace is fled?

CHO.—*Sickly Conſcience, &c.*

TYSIPHONE.

Ferrand, unrelenting Lord,
Juſtice ſoon ſhall mock thy pow'r;
Soon ſhall Virtue's conq'ring ſword,
Lay thy creſted-ſpirit low'r.

CHO.—*Sickly Conſcience, &c.*

(The Scene cloſes on them.)

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter FRANCISCO.

Juletta's certainly right—The world will ſhortly be turn'd topſy-turvy. I have been a ſad rogue; but, for the future, no offers, either of gold or place, ſhall tempt me to be a villain.

Enter O'LEARY.

Well met, Franciſco.

FRANCISCO.

Honeſt, though unfortunate friend, I'm glad to ſee you.——Oh! I will never be a rogue again. *(Aſide.)*

O'LEARY.

Why you're ſtrangely altered in a few ſhort hours.

FRANCISCO.

Ay, I enliſted under the banners of——

O'LEARY.

Of the Devil?—I know you did: and he never had a ſervant who ſo faithfully executed all his commands.

FRANCISCO.

The world's approaching to its end.

O'LEARY.

You mean, that it's going to ſtand ſtill.—Oh faith, that's the very reaſon, I ſuppoſe, it ſhook ſo much laſt night.

FRANCISCO.

You muſt know, my daughter is a propheteſs—predicts that this ſtupendous caſtle—will—will ſhortly vomit—fire.

O'LEARY.

What, you begin to ſmell ſulphur, do you?

FRANCISCO.

The earth, ſhe ſays, will fall into hyſterics—into ſtrong convulſions——Oh—oh! *(Cries aloud.)* Yes, we ſhall all be ſwallow'd up by Mother Earth.

O'LEARY.

She muſt have a fine appetite to digeſt ſuch tainted food. Ay, you mean, that Dame Nature will be after putting us into the large cradle, and ſo rock us to ſleep!——Now, whilſt his fears are ſtrong upon him, I'll urge my ſuit. *(Aſide.)*——Franciſco, you've ſome power in this caſtle.

FRANCISCO.

(Looks pleaſed.) Yes, every thing is ſubject

to my countroul. I have ſlaves who flatter me; dependants who bribe me—in ſhort, I have all the prerogatives of a great man in office.

(Strutting about.)

O'LEARY.

I was thinking now, that when Nature gives this grand diſplay of fireworks——

FRANCISCO.

(Looking very grave.) Talking of my power I had forgot that.—Well, well, I'll remember, and never be a rogue again. *(Aſide.)*

O'LEARY.

Now, as I have not the conſtitution of a ſalamander, I had much rather be removed from the ſpot.

FRANCISCO.

Very true. *(Very grave.)*

O'LEARY.

So, do you ſee, if you'll give me the keys of the caſtle-gate, I will give you thirty piſtoles.

FRANCISCO.

(Looking very pleaſed.) Thirty piſtoles, did you ſay?

O'LEARY.

Thirty—there they are. *(Giving them.)* And now give me the keys.

FRANCISCO.

Why thou rebel! Doſt think I wou'd betray my truſt? Make me guilty of diſhoneſty!—*(Pocketing the piſtoles.)* Was ever great man ſo affronted?

O'LEARY.

Yes, faith, many of your great men pocket ſuch affronts. But what is all this now?

FRANCISCO.

An Iriſh blunder, to be ſure.——Let you eſcape indeed! Doſt fancy I would wrong my lord and maſter?

O'LEARY.

(Pointing up to heaven.) Thou *doſt* wrong thy lord and maſter.

FRANCISCO.

Why, thou paltry——Doſt know who and what I am?

O'LEARY.

Thou'rt a ſponge, that ſuck'ſt up all the favours of the Marquis—a villain, with a Janus-face; the one bends a ſubmiſſive eye to ſuperior Greatneſs, whilſt the other ſcowls diſdain upon hapleſs, virtuous Merit.—I wiſh, by my conſcience, that every man, who commences villain in his old age—I ſay, may thoſe very men be

ſtrangled at their birth, and be forced to live under ground all the days of their lives! [*Exit.*

FRANCISCO.

Well, after this day, I will repent, and become an alter'd man. But then, there is ſuch a pleaſure in uſing authority over thoſe who cannot reſiſt us. Now, if honeſty was the high road to power, I would travel there on foot myſelf. What is honeſty?—A name. Will it recommend you to the notice of the rich?—No. Will it procure a place at Court?—No, for it is often found ſhivering in the Court-*yard*, houſeleſs, and periſhing for want. Will it give you an inſide, or an outſide covering?—No, no, no. Where is it found?—In books. Where does it thrive moſt?—On barren ground.—— It is a phantom, which ſtalks at midnight, but is never ſeen by day. In ſhort, it—it—it is a damn'd ſtarving commodity, and won't do for my hungry ſtomach. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Chamber.*

Enter ATHOLD.

Misfortunes blacken round me. Oh, Athold, where are now thoſe ſweet illuſions thy fancy

cheriſh'd, when in the jocund ſeaſon of life's youthful morn, the roſy-winged pleaſures flutter'd through the day?——Oh, my Elvira, where are now our plighted vows? Where is the bliſsful union of two faithful hearts? How oft, reclin'd upon the tufted graſs, and ſhadow'd by the leafy-curtain of ſome nodding beach, have I pour'd forth the melting ſounds of love, whilſt ſome artleſs ſhepherd chaunted his rural minſtrelſy.

Enter JULETTA.

(Crying bitterly.) Oh, he's gone, he's gone, he's gone!

ATHOLD.

Who is gone?

JULETTA.

Your Edwy, Sir, and *my* Edwy.

ATHOLD.

Impoſſible.

JULETTA.

'Tis true; they have ſearch'd the Tower, but all in vain—no trace of him is left. He has been murder'd by that wicked, ſhameful, ugly, butchering Marquis.

ATHOLD.

Execrable monſter! one only comfort, in

my ſad captivity was left me, and that his cruelty has ſnatch'd away.

JULETTA.

One only comfort of my heart had I, and that his cruelty has robb'd me of.—He's gone! And now, what ſhall I do for ſomebody to—to—to—ma—ma—make love to me?

[*Exit, ſobbing.*

Enter O'LEARY.

She's gone, ſhe's gone, for ever gone!

ATHOLD.

Not ſo, my friend, but now ſhe parted from me.

O'LEARY.

What, then, you have ſeen the dear crature?

ATHOLD.

Yes, Juletta has been here.

O'LEARY.

Poh! bother! I don't mean her at all, at all. 'Tis a ſweet angel of a woman that was taken priſoner. The pretty ſoul was perſecuted by the Marquis. All at once ſhe has diſappear'd. But I will ſearch every corner of the caſtle.

(Going.)

ATHOLD.

Stop; thy ſimple ſtory much affects me.—Honeſty is ſtrongly pencil'd on thoſe features. ——Inform me of thy fortunes.

O'LEARY.

I can't do that, for I have no fortune. I am an Iriſhman—my name, O'Leary. I was once a travelling companion to Major O'Swagger—that is, when I came *before* him, I ſtood *behind* him. He died, and left me all his—no, he left me in the lurch. I forgive him, for, by my faith, he never ſarv'd me ſuch a trick before. I then took a voyage by ſea, to look at foreign *countries*; but the devil of any country have I ſeen, except the court-yard of the caſtle.

ATHOLD.

Haſt long been here?

O'LEARY.

Much longer than I like, and am like to be much longer ſtill. I'll tell you what it is, this caſtle is nothing but a mouſe-trap, to catch men in.

ATHOLD.

Too ſure, ſome deed of horror hath ſtain'd theſe walls. By Heaven, I will explore the ſecret paſſage in the cavern'd earth, the clouded

picture, and the vaulted chamber—Yes, I will ſearch the myſtery, though clad in Gorgon-terrors. [*Exit.*

Enter CARLOS.

I have an order for your cloſe confinement.

O'LEARY.

Why, man, I am confin'd. What is it you mean? For certain, now, the Marquis manes to kill, and nail me up in the wooden cupboard, underground.—That's pretty cloſe confinement, to be ſure.

CARLOS.

Follow me.

O'LEARY.

That's what I won't; for my father-confeſſor always told me—My dear child, ſays he, never follow the ſteps of the wicked. So, do you ſee, I'll e'en march foremoſt. *(Goes firſt.)* For, as I am ſhortly to die, 'tis fitting that I leave all wickedneſs behind me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Vaulted Chamber.*

A number of old-faſhion'd framed Paintings, deſcriptive of hiſtorical events, are hung round the room. One, much larger than the reſt, and placed in the center of the back Scene, is ſcreen'd from obſervation by a long black curtain; in various places, Helmets, Spears, Armour, Bows, and Arrows. From the middle-arch ſuſpends a burning Lamp—the Stage nearly dark.— ATHOLD *is ſeen deſcending down a ſpiral Staircaſe, with a Lamp in one hand, and a drawn Sword in the other.*

Enter ATHOLD.

(*Sheathing his ſword, and placing the lamp on a ſtool.*) I've reach'd the place, the ſcene of my reſearch. The ſpring ſoon yielded to the preſſure. This is the lonely den of Secreſy, the cave of Myſtery. (*Viewing the room.*) This was ſure the Armory in days of yore, and yon war-worn trophies ſpeak ſome victor's triumph.—(*Strikes ſomething with his foot, and picks it up.*) Merciful Heaven! the miniature of Elvira, the lovely lineaments of her I mourn. I will enſhrine it as an holy relic.—An hideous thought now ſhoots acroſs my brain—Elvira was the captive, whom the Marquis—monſter—barba-

rian—murderer!——Yes, here ſhe fell, without one pitying tear, to dew the ſod that marks her grave. (*Looking on the miniature.*) Ay, here the glowing pencil pictures out her charms. There are thoſe lovely treſſes waving in many a wanton fold! There are the darkly, beauteous orbs, where Cupids ambuſh'd, and, in fraudful play, threw their quiver'd ſtore at many an heedleſs heart! There are the ſmiles that beam'd ſoft pity to the ſoul, and op'd the gates of Paradiſe! But now, alas! ſhe's mould'ring in the grave; her voice is heard no more.——Yes, amidſt the ſacred choir of guardian-angels—(*A Groan is heard.*) That groan was ſure the ſighing murmur of expiring Nature. My own calamities are gone; the god-like inſtinct of Humanity impels me to explore the cauſe. (*Goes up to the veiled Picture.*) Yes, I will undraw the obſcuring veil. (*Draws it aſide, and diſcovers a grated Receſs, in which* ELVIRA *is impriſoned, fainting, and leaning on a pedeſtal.*) My Elvira entomb'd alive! Oh, ſuch a ſight as this, will nerve me with Herculean ſtrength. (*Burſts the bars aſunder, and brings down* ELVIRA.) Ah, that pale and haggard look!

ELVIRA.

(*Faintly ſpeaking.*) Sure, 'tis deluſion all!—

(*Looking ſome time.*) Oh, 'tis he! my Athold! my deliverer! my love! (*Sinks into his arms.*)

ATHOLD.

My love, look up, and bleſs your Athold with one cheering ſmile.

ELVIRA.

Do I once more behold thee? Gracious Heaven, I do! (*Embracing.*) But, oh! we ſoon muſt part; no ſafety can be found in this abode of horror.

ATHOLD.

What power ſhall force you from the ſhelter of theſe arms?

FERRAND (*without*).

Guard every paſſage. On your lives let no one paſs.

ELVIRA.

Oh, ſave me from the tyrant!

ATHOLD.

I will defend you, or nobly periſh in the attempt.

ELVIRA.

Think of the dangers that ſurround you.

ATHOLD.

In such a cause, a coward would be brave.
(*Drawing his sword.*)

Enter FERRAND, CARLOS, *and* GUARDS, *with Torches, down the Stairs.*

FERRAND.

Seize on them both.

ATHOLD.

Execrable murderer, this blow shall—(*Attempts to stab the Marquis, but is disarm'd by* CARLOS.—*The* GUARDS *seize them both.*)

FERRAND.

Thy purpose is defeated, dark assassin. Bear him to death. (*The* GUARDS *chain him.*) But first, I'll glut my vengeance here.
(*Seizing* ELVIRA.)

ELVIRA.

My death will only add another line unto thy bloody chronicle.

ATHOLD.

(*Kneeling.*) Let Tyranny aim its keenest dart at me—but spare, oh, spare, Elvira.

FERRAND.

By Heaven, she dies. (*Draws his sword.*)

ELVIRA.

Record it on the deeds of chivalry, that the lordly Ferrand, the great uſurper and the valiant hero, boldly reſolv'd, and then as bravely dar'd, to wreak his malice on a poor, defenceleſs, feeble—woman.

FERRAND.

I thank thee for that thought. To die were mercy now.—The gnawing tooth of Grief ſhall prey upon thy life.

ATHOLD.

Can thy flinty boſom doom her to ſuch mingled pangs?

ELVIRA.

My deareſt Athold, ſoon, ſoon my broken heart will burſt its priſon to fly after thee.

FERRAND.

Go, chain him to the beetling cliff, that frowns with horrid front upon the main; there let him ſit, and glaſs his wond'rous beauty in the flood, 'till waſting Atrophy doth wear him to the bone. There let him periſh, and the hoarſe raven chaunt his funeral dirge.

(ELVIRA, *in an agony of ſorrow, faints, and is ſupported by one of the Guards.*)

ATHOLD.

Inhuman as thou art, canſt thou behold unmov'd a ſight like this? (*Running to* ELVIRA.)

FERRAND.

Force them aſunder.

ATHOLD.

Fate ſhall not part us. I will imprint one parting kiſs. (*Kiſſes her.—They try to force him away.*) Unhand me, ſlaves! I will enfold her in my fond, fond arms! (*They drag him forcibly to the oppoſite ſide.*) Here will I gaze upon her angel-form, till I am rooted to the ſpot, the pale, cold image of Deſpair!

(*Stands motionleſs and gazing on her.—The Curtain drops.*)

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Sea, and ſurrounding Rocks, as in Act I. Scene I.*

Enter RIMIREZ, ATHOLD *chain'd, and Two* SOLDIERS.

RIMIREZ.

BRING him along.—Ye have no more deſire to move forwards, than a poſt-horſe that has paſs'd his ſtage.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Why look ye, Captain, I would not flinch to kill an hundred men in battle—but I never like to murder, for there's ſomething cruel in it.

RIMIREZ.

Doſt mutiny, baſe ſlave? Another ſuch a word, and thou ſhalt hang upon a gibbet.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Hold there—I have no ambition to be ſo exalted. The gallows is a ſort of poſt under government, and as you are a greater man, you would fill that place better than I.

(WITHIN.)

A prize! A prize! *(A Horn is ſounded.)*

RIMIREZ.

We're betray'd—Away—away—Kick up a ten-toed-trot, and run.

[*Exeunt* RIMIREZ *and* GUARDS, *haſtily.*

Enter Two ROBBERS.

FIRST ROBBER.

Take off his chains. *(They unbind him.)* What haſt got?

ATHOLD.

Miſery.

FIRST ROBBER.

That you're welcome to keep.—But, come, deliver up your gold. *(Searching him.)*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN.

Hold! on your lives forbear.—Is't thus that you obey the mandates of your leader? For ſhame—none but a coward would oppreſs a fallen man.—What art thou?

ATHOLD.

A ſlave of Chance—one of Fortune's fools—

a thing ſhe keeps alive on earth, to make her ſport withal.

SEBASTIAN.

He bears a portly mien.——Not far from hence there is a rock-hewn cave, faſhioned by the hand of Nature, thither I'll lead you; where, if it pleaſe you to abide, you ſhall partake the beſt repaſt Humanity can cater.—Beſhrew me, ſtranger, I have a heart above the petty ſpirit of an outlaw'd robber. Nurs'd in the rugged ſchool of Miſery myſelf, I have not yet forgot the feelings of a man.

[*Exeunt* SEBAST. ATHOLD, *and* ROBBERS.

SCENE II.—*A front Chamber in the Caſtle.*

Enter FERRAND.

No cordial that my thoughts do miniſter, can medicine the mind's diſtemperature.—If I apply Reflection to the wound, my ſickly Conſcience turns to a corroſive, and doth eat ſtill deeper in the feſter'd boſom. Tortur'd with remembrance of what I've done, theſe prodigies of late ſo ſhake this ſeat of manhood, that they do ſtrike my bloodſhot-eyes into my very brain,

and, by the ſtrength of apprehenſion, do cauſe each feebler paſſion to ſtand upon my face like drops of dew.

Enter RIMIREZ.

My Lord—I fear to mention, but duty prompts my ſpeech—our priſoner, Athold, has eſcap'd.

FERRAND.

Said'ſt thou, eſcap'd?

RIMIREZ.

Reſcu'd by an armed band. *(Retires.)*

FERRAND.

Reſcu'd! then Treaſon ſtalks abroad.—No matter.—Though Fate's black wings encompaſs me around, yet will I puſh my bold intent to actions of revenge. [*Exit.*

Enter JULETTA.

JULETTA.

This feigned madneſs of mine was an excellent ſcheme, truly; beſides, by this expedient I have the privilege of ſpeaking my mind.—What would many a great man in this kingdom give to enjoy the ſame liberty?

RIMIREZ.

(Coming down.) Juletta here, and not mad!

That's fortunate. (*Aſide.*) Sweet one, I have a ſuit to make.

JULETTA.

A tailor wou'd make a better.

RIMIREZ.

Her wit cuts like a ſword. (*Aſide.*) I love you more than Mars did Venus.

JULETTA.

Though I'm a native here, I do not like the jealous temper of the Dons; therefore, I will not marry any of your nation.

RIMIREZ.

Right glad am I to hear it, for I am no Spaniard:—France gave me birth. I am a right ſon of Gaul.

JULETTA.

Thou look'ſt, indeed, like ſome *bitter* potion. In ſooth, we women prize our liberties at too high a price to entruſt them to a foreign power; and I am ſure all hands and hearts would be uplifted, to chaſtiſe the inſolence of any Frenchman that would dare to rob us of our freedom.

RIMIREZ.

No one ſhall invade your rights.—I'll fight

your battles, for I'm a ſoldier, and fighting is my trade.

JULETTA.

And after wedlock, I ſuppoſe, you'd ſet up that trade in your own houſe.—Yield I will not.

RIMIREZ.

Then muſt I come to cloſer action.

(*Kiſſes her.*)

Enter FRANCISCO, *behind.*

JULETTA.

(*Striking* RIMIREZ *on the face.*) How do you like my manœuvres?

FRANCISCO.

(*Coming between them.*) There! there! ſhe's mad again.

JULETTA.

(*Seeing her father.*) Avaunt, foul fiend.

RIMIREZ.

Foul fiend!

FRANCISCO.

What a mad devil it is!

JULETTA.

(*Raving.*) Beelzebub's a fiſherman! He angles

in the Stygian Lake, to catch poor ſouls to broil upon his infernal gridiron! See, how he baits his hook with gold! (*Here ſhe deſcribes, by action, a perſon fiſhing.*) Now mark, he trolls the line along.—Haſt got a bite?—Gently, gently.—Now pull up.—There, there he has it!

(*Seizing hold of* FRANCISCO.)

FRANCISCO.

I am no fiſh.

JULETTA.

Pah! thou'rt rank with crimes, and art not eatable. [*Exit.*

RIMIREZ.

Here's a ſudden attack! Didſt *mark* her, my old blunderbuſs?

(*Slapping him violently on the ſhoulder.*)

FRANCISCO.

Here's a ſudden attack! Yes, truly, and I ſaw her mark YOU, when about to give her a grand ſalute. How dexteroufly ſhe went through her manual exerciſe, my young batt'ring ram.

[*Exit.*

RIMIREZ.

She's an upright, downright mad-woman, and that's the reaſon ſhe refus'd me.—A mighty pretty campaign I have made of it. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Cave.*

Enter ATHOLD *and* SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN.

Your ſorrows have been great; but, truſt me, Sir, I think that fickle Fortune will relent, and gild your future days with ſunſhine.

ATHOLD.

Misfortune has ſo often lain her iron-hand upon me, that ſhe hath cruſh'd down hope.—Oh, my Elvira, I fondly thought the torch of Hymen would have lighted true Love's votaries, and that the ſoft and ſilken band would ſoon have twin'd our hearts together.

SEBASTIAN.

Touch not the lover's lute, but rather blow the trumpet to awake revenge—revenge on Ferrand.

ATHOLD.

Such ſpeech and manners ſpeak an inborn greatneſs.——Unmaſk the ſecreſy, and tell me who thou art.

SEBASTIAN.

I am not what I ſeem.

ATHOLD.

That I'll be ſworn thou art not; for Honour, like the ſilver moon upon a wintry-night, ſhines through that rough garb.

SEBASTIAN.

Know, then, I am one, whom the tyrannous ambition of the fiend-like Ferrand has ſtript of all.

ATHOLD.

Thy ſuff'ring virtue ſorely wrings me to the heart.

SEBASTIAN.

I am as nobly born as he—for know, thou noble youth, that he who now unfolds this ſtrange, eventful hiſtory, is the long-loſt, wrong'd Alphonſo.

ATHOLD.

Alphonſo!

SEBASTIAN.

Yes; the rightful Lord of Almunecar's caſtle.

ATHOLD.

By what myſterious fate didſt thou eſcape the murd'ring fangs of the devouring wolf?

SEBASTIAN.

Seek not to know what cannot now be told.—

Yes, thou fell ſpoiler, the hour of retribution is at hand. I go to cheer my faithful followers, and will be with thee ſtraight.—Anon, I'll lead them to the caſtle-gates, aſſert my rights, and thunder terror to the guilty Ferrand. [*Exit.*

ATHOLD.

I'll to the battle; where, if I fall, the world has loſt a thing it us'd not well; and I, a thing I care not for—that world. (*Going.*) What do I ſee? As I do live, my faithful Edwy.

(*Retires up.*)

Enter EDWY, *followed by a* ROBBER.

EDWY.

I tell thee what, Pedrillo, when laſt you ventured on a marauding party, you plunder'd an attorney: that was wrong—always ſhew a fellow-feeling for one of your brethren.——Who have we here? (*Seeing* ATHOLD.) Some ſtranger, by his ſullen-mood.

ATHOLD.

(*Advancing.*) Edwy, haſt quite forgot me?

EDWY.

It—it—is—is—my honour'd maſter, Athold, alive and ſafe too! Oh, I am quite tranſported!

(*Running extravagantly about on each ſide of* ATHOLD, *ſhaking him alternately by each hand.*) And—and—ſo—ſo—you're come to ſee me. Ha! ha! ha! How did you get out there—? And how did you get in here? And—and—how do you do? In truth I can ſcarce contain my joy. Ha! ha! ha! (*Burſts into an hyſteric laugh and weeps.*) No, I can't contain it, for it's running out at mine eyes. (*Wiping away his tears.*) If I go on at this rate, my joy will die of a dropſy.

ATHOLD.

To meet thee here was moſt unlook'd for.

EDWY.

The ſurprize is mutual; for, in good faith, I left you in curſed bad company: but now, Heaven be praiſed, I find you amongſt rogues.

ATHOLD.

We thought you murder'd. Explain—be thou the clue to lead me from this labyrinth of myſtery.

EDWY.

You may remember on the night that I became the tenant of the Black Tower—How does my dear Juletta?

ATHOLD.

'Tis ſaid, that ſhe has loſt her ſenſes.

EDWY.

Poor ſoul! gone mad for love of me.

ATHOLD.

But, come, proceed.

EDWY.

That ſelf-ſame night, about the ſecond watch —Oh! here comes our noble Captain.

Enter SEBASTIAN, *with* ROBBERS & PEASANTS *armed.*

SEBASTIAN.

We that have liv'd free, in deſpite of Fortune—that have laugh'd at the out-ſtretch'd arm of Tyranny, as ſtill too ſhort to reach us, can we be daunted? No, my brave co-mates, Calamity, that ſevers worldly friendſhip, could ne'er divide us. I know your fiery tempers, and that you dare to act like men.

EDWY.

Put me to any proof you like—Cram me into a cannon's mouth, and ſhoot me at proud Ferrand's heart.

ATHOLD.

This ſword ſhall vindicate your cauſe, and mine. For, oh, Sebaſtian, each moment of delay adds double ſorrow to my dear Elvira, who pines a captive, immur'd within the precincts of a gloomy cell.

EDWY.

By the rood, but this ſame Marquis has had all our family there! We'll ſhortly pull the houſe about his ears, and this I ſwear by the god of war.

SEBASTIAN.

Swear by ſome other name; for ſuch an oath profanes a deity; for how can any god delight in ſlaughter?

EDWY.

Why, the heathens worſhipp'd ſuch a god.

SEBASTIAN.

But, for the honour of Humanity, I truſt the *Chriſtians* never will.

ATHOLD.

Such ſentiments as thoſe breathe pure philanthropy, but oft the policy of kingdoms juſtifies the hard neceſſity.—Though peace may

be the friend of human nature, yet, when ruffian-force inſults a ſtate, and tries to ſap the very frame of government, war is inevitable.—The patriot then, rouz'd by a nation's wrongs, will ſacrifice the ſofter virtues—and, clad in awful vengeance, will blow the trumpet's horrid clang, and ruſh into the war, to ſave from baſe ſubjection his Country and his King.

SEBASTIAN.

Thy arguments, my friend, ennoble well the cauſe you plead.——But, come, each to his charge. You, Athold, with a choſen band, attack the outer-works. Should you meet repulſe, Edwy will lead you to the ſecret paſſage, where *I* ſhall enter, and ſurprize the caſtle.—Are ye all reſolv'd?

ALL.

All! All!

SEBASTIAN.

Remember, my brave aſſociates, Courage but ſhews ye to be men—but heav'n-born Mercy proves your origin divine. Conſider well the chance of battle, and ſpare the vanquiſh'd. My vaſſals are my ſubjects. Oh, never let the noble-minded, merely to revenge a private wrong, and aggrandize his power, deluge an

empire, or immolate a people's blood upon the altars of Ambition!—Come, lead on to victory.

[*Exeunt* SEBAST. *and the whole party, crying* "Victory!"

SCENE IV.—*The Guard-Room of the Caſtle.*

Enter FRANCISCO, RIMIREZ, *and* SOLDIERS.

FRANCISCO.

Are you certain now, that this phantom, which appears each night in the Black Tower, is not the chimera of a wand'ring brain?

FIRST SOLDIER.

What do you mean by chimera?

FRANCISCO.

Why, it is a—a—Umph—a kind of—of—ſwimming; that is, a—ſort of a dizzineſs—or, as you may ſay, a—a—diſorder of the head.

RIMIREZ.

By the maſs, then, Franciſco, thou haſt got it.

FRANCISCO.

Order! Order!

RIMIREZ.

Why, but juſt now, you ſaid it was a *diſ*-order. I myſelf beheld the ſpectre. 'Tis the Devil, I am ſure—and this is not the firſt time I have ſeen him.

FRANCISCO.

Nor will be the laſt, I believe. *(Aſide.)* I muſt now give my charge to the ſoldiers.—Noble muſquetteers——But hold; I had forgot a rule obſerv'd in all *civiliz'd* and *chriſtian* countries, to addreſs ſuperiors cap in hand, but always ſpeak to inferiors bonnetted. *(Puts on his hat, and aſſumes dignity.)* Valiant muſquetteers, you who live by the humane amuſement of man-killing, ſee that you note me. It is our command, that when your hungry bellies bark for food, you eat and drink ſparingly. If any ſhall be found ſurprizing of his inſide with intoxicating juice, his back ſhall ſmart for it: ſtrong wines are only to ſtrengthen *weak* heads. Now, your officers may tipple with impunity.—Obey theſe orders, as you dread the cat-o'-nine-tails.

SOLDIERS.

We will, Franciſco.

FRANCISCO.

Relax not in your duty. The man who's

bold enough to overcome the phantom of the Tower ſhall be remember'd; for, when he's dead and gone, he ſhall live upon record.—Great ſervices are always ſo rewarded.

Enter CARLOS, *in haſte.*

CARLOS.

To arms! the caſtle is beſet. *(A flouriſh of martial muſic.)* Haſte to the ramparts and repel the ſtorm. *(A flouriſh.)* Rimirez, lead them to the charge. [*Exeunt* RIMIREZ *and* SOLDIERS.] You, Franciſco, head the ſlaves, and march them to the onſet. [*Exit.*

FRANCISCO.

If I do, may I loſe *my* head. What ſhall I do? Honour tells me to place myſelf in *front*; but Prudence ſays, friend Franciſco, poſt thyſelf in the *rear*; for by ſo doing thou wilt eſcape danger, and obey command: for ſhould victory ſmile upon the enemy, why then the *rear* of *battle* would be the *front*—of *flight*. [*Exit.*

(Another long flouriſh.)

SCENE V.—*The outside of the Castle, as in Act I. Scene III.*

ATHOLD, EDWY, ROBBERS, *and* PEASANTS, *drawn up before it.*

EDWY.

Dost know the cause for which ye are engag'd?

FIRST PEASANT.

The cause! that's nothing to us; we are hir'd for what we do.

ATHOLD.

Dost know the grounds on which ye fight?

FIRST PEASANT.

Yes; we are to fight on this ground here.

EDWY.

Now cry, Down with Ferrand!

ALL.

Down with Ferrand!

EDWY.

Now, Down with Alphonso!

ALL.

Down with Alphonso!

ATHOLD.

What! would you desert the party you espous'd, and in an instant kick down right?

FIRST PEASANT.

Why, we know nothing about right; we are but to move, and speak, as our leaders tell us.

EDWY.

There's a touch of democracy for you.

A Parley is sounded: FERRAND *and* GUARDS *appear on the Ramparts.*

FERRAND.

'Tis not that I esteem rebellious traitors worthy an answer to their proudest summons, that I vouchsafe my presence; but to let you know my heart is free from fear, and that Ferrand commands in this small tower, and mocks your fury.

ATHOLD.

Flatter not thyself with these deluding hopes. Thou art in the toil; soon will the sandy building of thy greatness, with its own weight, totter.——Raise your scalado to the walls.

(The Men approach with scaling ladders.)

FERRAND.

I have an argument ſhall cow thy vaunting ſpirit. (ELVIRA, *led by* CARLOS, *is brought upon the Ramparts bound.*—ATHOLD *ſtarts.)* Mark me, proud Athold; inſtant retire, and learn obedience, or this haughty dame *(drawing his ſword)* ſhall fall a lifeleſs trunk into the moat.—Now Ferrand ſcorns you!

(EDWY *whiſpers* ATHOLD, *who beckons to his Followers; they ſound a Retreat, and* Exeunt *after him in haſte.—Scene cloſes.)*

SCENE III.—*A front Chamber.*

Enter O'LEARY, *with* JULETTA *and* NEGOMBO *in each hand.*

O'LEARY.

Oh, you two pretty ſouls! never fear: you've unbar'd my priſon-doors, and, by the power of St. Patrick, ſhould they dare to wrong you, I will ſpit ſome of them.

NEGOMBO.

Iſs, poor Black ſpit on 'em.

O'LEARY.

Do ſo, my little ſnow-ball.

JULETTA.

Thou ſhalt be our champion, and ſhould they come, Negombo and myſelf will ſcratch them.

O'LEARY.

Ay, give 'em nail-payment. Mine is now a kind of twilight-fortune, *(looking firſt at* JULETTA *and then at* NEGOMBO,) for it ſeems that I am between light and dark.——Oh, here comes little greatneſs, and we muſt march.—Och, what a happy ſoul am I; for let me turn my blinkers which way I will, I can ſee a *fair* proſpect on each ſide of me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FERRAND.

Now let them view, with hopeleſs eyes, theſe ſolid towers. *(A great ſhout.)* Ha! what mean thoſe clamorous ſhouts?

Enter CARLOS, *in haſte.*

CARLOS.

All's loſt!—Ruin pours in on every ſide. The foe now enters by a *cavern'd way*—the eaſtern tower.——Save yourſelf, my Lord.

[*Exit.—A ſhout and flouriſh.*

FERRAND.

Why let them come—Horrors are grown

familiar to me; and I would rather hug the grizly ſpectre, Death, than live the ſlave of Fear.

Enter SEBASTIAN, *elegantly dreſſed, as*

ALPHONSO.

FERRAND.

(Starting.) Alphonſo! Oh that I could cleave the center of the earth! that I might living find a ſepulchre to ſwallow me and my ſhame for ever.

ALPHONSO.

Shameleſs villain, yield—The day is ours.

FERRAND.

No——though all Hell riſe an embattled hoſt, I will not yield. Conqueſt is yours by artifice; but I will tow'r for victory like the falcon in the clouds, and not dig for't like a mole. *(Drawing.)*

ALPHONSO.

Come on—for Heaven will lend unto a ſingle arm a tenfold nerve, to puniſh an army ſuch as thou art.

(A flouriſh.—They fight all round, and off the Stage.)

SCENE the Laſt.—The Gothic Hall.

Enter O'LEARY, *with a drawn Sword.*

Alphonſo has drill'd the Marquis; he has made as many holes in him as would ſink a ſhip. Faith, and I have done wonders myſelf; for this little bar of iron *(holding up the ſword)* was quite in my way—though this is the firſt time I was ever in a *field* of battle.

(A ſhout and flouriſh.)

Enter ALPHONSO, ATHOLD, *leading* ELVIRA, EDWY, *with* JULETTA *and* NEGOMBO *following, with* SOLDIERS, PEASANTS, ROBBERS, *&c. &c.*

ALPHONSO.

My noble followers, ye have bravely fought, and Valour's wages ſhall reward your toil.

ATHOLD.

Oh, my Elvira, the darkling clouds of Fortune are diſpers'd, and happier ſhall we be than if we had not known the ruffle of the world.

ELVIRA.

This ſea of joys ruſhing upon me will drown me with its ſweetneſs.

ATHOLD.

My Lord, will't pleaſe you to elucidate the ſtrange myſterious mazes of thy fate?

ALPHONSO.

Moſt freely—One night, as I ſat muſing on my adverſe fortunes, when all was huſh'd to ſlumber—when not a ſound was heard, ſave the dying cadence of the midnight breeze, the voice of Anguiſh, and a ſullen murmur, broke my rumination—an hideous groan reſounded through the dreary manſion. I turn'd my head in ſilent horror to the ſpot, when, from a diſmal gleam of light, I ſaw——

EDWY.

An horrid ſpectre?—I know it well, for I had juſt ſuch another viſitor.

ALPHONSO.

At that inſtant, the bell toll'd heavily the hour of one.

O'LEARY.

The very hour when all the Devils hold their damn'd aſſemblies.—Och, I do not like ſuch ſecret and infernal meetings.

ALPHONSO.

The phantom wav'd me to advance.—My

blood was chill'd.—I follow'd with a deſperate valour, deſcending down a ſpiral ſtair-caſe to an intricate winding paſſage, which at length terminated in a ſpacious cavern. My ghoſtly-guide then laugh'd aloud, and told me I was dup'd.

ATHOLD.

Dup'd!

ALPHONSO.

Yes—for the cave was but the private haunt of robbers, who oft aſſum'd ſome goblin's dreadful form, to ſcare the tenants of the caſtle, and ſo depoſit in the eaſtern tower their plunder'd booty.

EDWY.

But the ſkeleton, my Lord.

ALPHONSO.

Was but a trick—a figure, faſhion'd by the hand of art. My ſtory told, I ſoon won o'er, by promiſes of gold, the whole banditti to my cauſe. I oft reviſited the Tower, in hopes to lure the traitor, Ferrand, in the toil. Some of his vaſſals, hardier than the reſt, whoſe courage prompted them to watch, were ſure to be remov'd, and bound by oath to ſerve our

commonwealth. Edwy, you can remember when as a ſpectre I appear'd.

EDWY.

Truly, my Lord, I ſhall never forget it.

ALPHONSO.

One night, returning by the ſecret cavern, which winds beneath the hollow ground, a female's plaintive voice aſſail'd mine ear; I practic'd then a ſtratagem I was wont to uſe, and echoed, in a mimic tone, the threat'ning mandate of the Marquis.

ELVIRA.

I well remember—for your generous ſcheme, for that time, reſcued me from the graſp of violation.

ALPHONSO.

My efforts, Lady, were rewarded then.

Enter FRANCISCO, *intoxicated, with a Bottle in his hand.*

FRANCISCO.

I—I—I'll never be a rogue again; for I am old, and ſhall ſhortly pay the debt of Nature.

O'LEARY.

That will be the firſt debt you ever paid in all your life.

FRANCISCO.

I—I—hid myſelf in the cellar.——Here's long life to me. *(Drinks.)*

O'LEARY.

What, you are drinking health to an abſent friend?

FRANCISCO.

Right—friends are generally abſent. But—hold—I'll be ſteward no longer—I'll reſign. *(Staggering up to* ALPHONSO.) Here's my ſtaff of office. *(Holding up the bottle.)*

ALPHONSO.

And, like moſt ſtaffs of office, it has intoxicated your reaſon, and made you forget yourſelf.

FRANCISCO.

You are wrong there, I never forget *myſelf.* *(Drinks.)*

JULETTA.

Pray, father, beſtow your bleſſing on me, and Edwy.

FRANCISCO.

What, an't you mad?

JULETTA.

No, but I'm in love.

FRANCISCO.

Marry then, and you'll be ſhortly cur'd.

ALPHONSO.

No longer ſhall this caſtle wear the maſk of myſtery. Such trifling incidents as theſe, apparently the work of myſtic-agency, have foſtered ſuperſtition; Oh! may they prove an wholeſome leſſon to mankind, and teach the mind that's ting'd with bigotry, or ſtor'd with monkiſh tales of legendary-fiction, to admit the fairer light of Truth, and never ſoar above the powers of Nature.

ELVIRA.

Though envious clouds may ſometimes dim the genuine luſtre of a noble mind, yet,

Virtue aſſail'd by fell Deſtruction's blaſt,
By Heav'n preſerv'd, is crown'd with joy at laſt.

END OF THE PLAY.

FRANCISCO.

Marry then, and you'll be fourfly cur'd.

ALPHONSO.

No longer shall this castle wear the mask of mystery. Such trifling incidents as these, apparently the work of mystic-agency, have fostered superstition; Oh! may they prove an wholesome lesson to mankind, and teach the mind that's tinged with bigotry, or fir'd with monkish tales of legendary-fiction, to admit the fairer light of Truth, and never soar above the powers of Nature.

OLIVIA.

Though envious clouds may sometimes dim
the genuine lustre of a noble mind, yet,

Virtue unfhak'd by fell Detraction's blaft,
By Heav'n protect'd, is crown'd with joy at laft.

END OF THE PLAY.

POETIC ESSAYS.

1793

POETIC ESSAYS

POETIC ESSAYS.

An Elegiac Ode on the Death of Louis XVI.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regúmque turres.——

Hor. Lib. 1. Carmen 4.

RUIN seize ye, lawless band,*
Destruction on your councils wait;
For stain'd by Murder's gory hand,
Humanity recoils from Fate.

Mark the year—abhor the fight,
When France re-murmur'd with affright:—
The shrieks of Anguish, borne on Echo's wing,
Proclaim'd the sorrows of a suff'ring King.

Such were the sounds that Gallia's Genius bore,
As slow she mov'd along the Belgic-shore,
Then on some nodding cliff's projecting brow,
Shrinking, bemoan'd the horrors of the blow;

* That the Author may not appear guilty of literary theft, he thinks it necessary to premise, that the two opening stanzas of this Ode are an humble imitation of Gray's celebrated "Bard."

Fond to lament, though impotent to ſave,
She pour'd her ſorrows for the good and brave;
And now inſpir'd with all a Patriot's glow,
She tun'd her lyre, and ſtruck the notes of Woe.

Did cruel Deſtiny ere ſhed,
Such horrors on a Regal-Head;
Did ere once happy Monarch know,
Such ſad reverſe of heart-felt woe?
"Without a friend to cloſe his eyes,"
The Parent groans—the Monarch dies:
Deny'd the bleſſings of a miſcreant ſlave,
The ſev'ring axe conſigns him to the grave—

Tho' Faction ſtain'd the Sov'reign-bloom,
And bid it wither in the tomb;
With ſeraph's flight, Religion came,
To ſtrengthen Nature's feeble frame—
Clad in the ſplendor of the ſky,
A whiſp'ring cherub, wing'd on high,
With heav'nly light illum'd Death's awful way,
And chang'd his darkneſs to eternal day.

* Ah, hapleſs Queen! repreſs that ſigh,
Thy happier ſtars may intervene—
Hope darts her ever radiant eye,
To calm Affliction's ſtormy-ſcene.

* Theſe lines were written antecedent to the *murder* of the Queen.

Hark! 'tis the chorus of ſeraphic ſtrain!
Triumphant ſhouts the Empyrean ſky!
The Monarch murder'd—lives to joy again,
Crown'd, and array'd in immortality.

Now from life, and labours freed,
He receives his virtues' meed;
Taſtes of bliſs to men unknown,
Far above an earthly throne.

What, tho' no ſculptur'd, marble-buſt,
Is ſeen to grace his mould'ring-duſt,
Yet Mem'ry ſhall his name revere;
For whilſt the cryſtal font of Woe,
With tributary drops ſhall flow,
The beſt memorial is—the pitying tear.

Blow the brazen trump of War;
Erect the ſtandard in the field!
Mars, high-throned in his car,
Diſplays the dire, enſanguin'd ſhield.

Stream wide your banners, roll the martial drums,
For England's champion, Royal Frederick, comes,*
To right an injur'd nation's ſov'reign cauſe,
Protect its freedom, and defend her laws;

* The reader will perceive, that this Ode was written at the commencement of hoſtilities with the French.

To add new trophies to the opening year,
And curb Rebellion in its mad career—
Till Britain's vengeance on her foes be hurl'd,
And England riſe the Miſtreſs of the World.

The Captive Queen, an Elegiac Ode.

Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodeſt, Pontice, longo
Sanguine cenſeri, pictoſque oſtendere vultus
Majorum, et ſtantes in curribus Æmillanos.——
JUVENAL, Sat. 8.

SCARCE had the night her ſhadowy curtain ſpread,
To hide the bluſh of eve;
Than gloomy Silence caſt a ſolemn dread,
And Nature ſeem'd to grieve:
But Cynthia ſoon o'er half the globe
Diſplay'd her ſtar-beſpangled robe,
Emitting forth her ſilver-ray,
To cheer the trav'ller's lonely way,
And guide him to the ſocial cot,
Where all his ſorrows are forgot—
Oblivious ſlumber, with Lethæan-pow'r,
Snatches the lapſe of time, and rules the mid-night-hour.

Mute is the warbling concert of the air—
Save the ſad minſtrel of the night;
Whoſe trilling-notes, reſponſive to deſpair,
Vibrate on Echo's rapid flight!
And, hark, what breathing groans tranſpierce the ſolemn ſcene!
Ah! 'tis the mourning ſorrows of a Captive Queen!!

Borne on Fancy's eagle-height,
I ſee her pictur'd to the ſight,
Immur'd within a dungeon's gloom,
Invoking Heav'n to change the doom—
Her roſy-cheeks, of crimſon-hue,
Now moiſten'd by Affliction's dew,
Fading, have wither'd, by a wintry blight,
And, in deſpair, the *roſes red*—have chang'd to *white*.

Her eyes, that with Promethean glow,
Warm'd the chill'd breaſt, congeal'd by woe,
Sink in their ſockets, griev'd to ſee
Th' unpity'd tears of Miſery:
Her voice, that once diffus'd around
The magic-harmony of ſound,
Now faintly murmurs, like an Æolian lyre,
Whoſe ſounds charm moſt—juſt as the notes expire.

Ah, what avails the pomp of ſtate,
The envy'd glories of the great,
Or, e'en Ambition's giant-ſtride?
When bold Rebellion ruſhes forth,
And like the peſtilential North,
Nips all the bloſſoms of our pride.
Life is, alas! an evening breeze at beſt,
That blows till ſun-ſet, and then ſinks to reſt.

What, is the cruel lot decreed,
And muſt the Royal-Mother bleed?
Ah, heard I not the fleeting groan,
Breathed in Sorrow's deepeſt tone?
Hark, 'tis the din of Diſcord's roar,
Her dart's beſmear'd with clotted gore!
Yet, fears, avaunt—wan Terror fly—
Death's but a paſſport to eternity!

Confin'd by treaſon, and the will of Fate,
A Royal-Captive, mock'd with idle ſtate,
(Shame to the annals of hiſtoric-page,)
Expires a victim to republic rage!

The ſigh that heav'd the parting knell—
The tear that bade a long farewell—
The Mother's pangs—the Children's cries,
No friend to grace her obſequies—
Shall cauſe the Muſe's ſtream to flow
In all the energy of woe,

Whilſt they record amidſt a nation's ſighs,
In Death's cold ſhade a murder'd Princeſs lies.

Be mute, my lyre—thy elegy refrain—
Megæra riſe, and breathe a bolder ſtrain—
Avenging Nemeſis, at whoſe decree,
Tyrants are taught to bend the ſtubborn knee,
Inrob'd with juſtice, ſend thy miſſile dart,
To drive rebellion from the canker'd heart;
Scourge thoſe who brought a Monarch to the tomb,
And thunder in their ears Lycaon's doom.—
Inſpire each breaſt with patriotic zeal,
To guard the ſafety of the public weal;
Bid us avow Religion's holy cauſe,
Adorn our country, and protect her laws—
Such god-like cares all Britiſh hearts muſt own;
And *ev'ry honeſt man* ſupport the Throne.

A Tranſlation from the 3d Ode of Horace, Book 2.

"Æquam memento rebus in arduis,
"Servare mentem——."

Amidst the ſtorms and calms of Fate,
In 'midſt of Grandeur's regal-ſtate,
Preſerve an equal mind;

Let no vain pomp attract your eye,
Remember thou wer't born to die,
Nor be to virtue blind.

Whether in ſolitude you paſs
The live-long night and day,
Or, ſitting on the verdant-graſs,
You drink your cares away;

Where the high-poplar, and the pine,
Their leaves in friendly union twine,
Or, curling waters flow;
Where breezes wanton with the wind,
And bounteous Nature, ever kind,
Repels the tide of woe.

Hither with haſty paces bend,
Let here your ſlaves with wine attend,
And bring the roſy-crown;
Whilſt Fate permits, and youth's in bloom,
To this retreat, ah! quickly come,
For here Contentment's known.

Your farm, your groves, and coſtly-houſe,
Where yellow Tiber bubbling flows,
Muſt to your heirs deſcend;
Whilſt glitt'ring heaps of maſſy plate,
With orient gems, the pride of ſtate,
Are laviſh'd on a friend.

What, tho' with Inachus* you claim
A kindred blood, and royal name,
Or breathe Life's dew in tears—
Yet, when the Monarch of the Grave,
Entombs us in the vaulted-cave,
Our greatneſs diſappears.

All of Oblivion's draught muſt drink,
When Fate ſhall ſhake the urn,
And leave us on the Stygian-brink,
Ah, never to return!

The Deſcent of the Graces:

ADDRESSED TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

FIERCE Juno once, to pleaſe her conſort, Jove,
Addreſs'd the Daughters of the Queen of Love:
Hear, and obey, ſhe cry'd, my ſtrict command,
Deſcend from Heav'n and viſit foreign land,
There ſearch each female heart, with niceſt care,
Neither their virtues, nor their vices ſpare;
Write down, all three, the Laſſes moſt approv'd,
The faireſt, wittieſt, and the beſt belov'd—
Then reaſſume your forms, to Jove repair,
And place your records on his regal chair.—

* Firſt King of the Argives.

Thus ſpoke the goddeſs; ſoon they wing their way,
Where lib'ral Arts their diff'rent charms diſplay;
Firſt they beheld where Appenine aſcends,
And bend their courſe where Italy extends,
Where Nature's bounty, with a laviſh hand,
With vernal ſweetneſs decks the claſſic land;
But long enſlav'd by Bigotry's controul,
Her ſons have loſt that energy of ſoul
Which fir'd their anceſtors in times of yore,
And rouz'd them to defend their hard-earn'd ſtore.
Here beauty, too, contaminates the mind,
Leaving no ſolid happineſs behind.
Tir'd with the ſearch, each goddeſs hopeleſs ſtrays,
Where ſportive France a diff'rent race diſplays;
Where crouds of toaſted belles together meet,
Perhaps to ſtudy faſhion? no, deceit;
Where *phrenzy'd* Liberty her temple rears,
Her altar's mock'd, and ſtain'd with crimſon tears,
Where modeſt Merit's thrown neglected by,
And Sorrow claims in vain the pitying ſigh.

Shock'd at a land of tyrants, and of ſlaves,
Alarm'd, the Graces 'tempt the briny-waves;
Upborne by Hope, each ſpreads her magic wing,
And reſts "where Britain courts the weſtern-
ſpring."—

Thrice happy Britons, on whoſe favour'd iſle
Fair freedom's banners o'er your commerce ſmile;

What kingdom girted by the ſilver ſea,
Ere ſhone in charter'd liberties like thee?—
They traverſe now the country's fruitful ſoil,
Where man his daily meal obtains by toil;
Where ruſtic-ſports the village train inſpire,
The ſong melodious, and the ſocial fire,
With laugh-exciting jeſts, that never tire.
Where, amidſt groves, the love-led ſwains reſort,
Good-nature, ever ſmiling, holds her court;
Where Beauty too, darting her radiant eyes,
Enſnares a thoughtleſs Cymon, by ſurprize.

To London's crouded mart they next reſort,
And view, by turns, the city and the court;
Where all religions in one worſhip join,
And ſacrifice alike at Intereſt's ſhrine;
The cit and courtier in this point agree,
And at all hours devoutly bend the knee;
Tho' from each other diſtant far they range,
Pious alike at Levee and at 'Change.
After a tedious ſearch, at length, each finds
A damſel, ſuited to their own chaſte minds—
Elated with ſucceſs the news they bring
To Ida's top, where ſat the thund'ring king:
Stern Jove, well pleas'd, beheld their labour done,
And ſmil'd ſerenely as the ſetting ſun;
Now, cries Venus, the fav'rite of each let us ſee,
When the DUCHESS OF YORK was inſcrib'd by all Three.

The Cantab; or, The Student's Progress.

Cantab-it vacuus coram Latrone viator.

THE Student's life, within four ſtages claſs'd,
Glides briſk, gay, ſerious, and grows grave at laſt.

Firſt to the gown behold the Cambridge ſmart,
All lib'ral freedoms glowing in his heart,
Alive to ſolemn ſcenes, and feſtive glee,
Eager of ſtudy, and to pleaſure free;
Enraptur'd ſcience beaming from his eye,
His ſoul allur'd to moving poetry,
By learning ſoften'd, his warm paſſions ſway,
Rarely offends, is ready to obey;
Or, *ſhould* he wander from lov'd Virtue's clue,
'Tis *Nature* leads, and weakneſs will purſue.
He who is curſt with *apathy* in youth,
Old ſaws his converſe, and phlegmatic truth,
Is like the ſenſeleſs, moral-ſpeaking ſtone,
That has *no failings*, and can feel for none.

Now, older grown, ſome paſſions loſe their charm,
And Error's tempeſts ſoften to a calm;
Then with a guardian's, not a cenſor's air,
He ſpurs the ſober, bids the raſh forbear,
Conducts the ſtudious, and reſtrains the gay:
He beſt can guide who oft has led the way.

Now as a ſenior his views expand,
And Hope leads Wiſh with an expectant hand;
In his mind's eye, the widely-portion'd ſpire,
(His fancy's goal,) appears advancing nigher;
Now he anticipates the village cheer,
And his own bells ſeem jingling in his ear;
Foretaſtes, with pleaſure mantling on his brow,
The dame's rude curtſey, and John's aukward bow.

At length time flies to realize deſire,
And the new Rector emulates the 'Squire.
Alas, how much deſires increaſe with life!
He gets a living, and he wants—a wife:
After a ſcore of years long ſpent in vows,
Who cou'd refuſe to make his *nymph*—a *ſpouſe*?

The houſe and grounds now loſe their ancient form,
Scarce joy to fight, or ſhelter from a ſtorm,
And modern taſte ſo vaſt a change has made,
They look a *parſonage* in *maſquerade*:
Yet, all *within*, the former proſpect keeps,
There virtue triumphs, and there tumult ſleeps;
The gifts of charity and grace are there,
Alternate buſineſs, and alternate pray'r.—
Thus, can the Student's life all hearts allure,
Lov'd by the rich, and honour'd by the poor.

My Muſe, now loſt in melancholy gloom,
Would pay one tribute o'er a Father's tomb,*
Pencil, with filial touch, his honour'd name,
And give his mem'ry to immortal fame.
Zealous in all the duties that he teach'd,
He knew the art to practice what he preach'd;
Unſpoil'd by ſophiſtry, by av'rice unſtain'd,
The friend, the father, of his pariſh reign'd;
Mis'ry, unnotic'd, ne'er approach'd his door—
He made himſelf the guardian of the poor!
Nobly deſcended, yet no pride had he:
Virtue, he thought, was true nobility.‡
Exulting Genius muſt with truth declare,
That grateful Science own'd his foſt'ring care—
Peace to his ſhade, till Heav'n's great morning ſprings,
Then wake to joys before the King of Kings!!

* The Author's father, the late Rev. A. Eyre, Rector of Leverington, Cambridgeſhire, and of Outwell, Norfolk, who died March 13, 1796, aged 56.

‡ Nobilitas ſola eſt, atque unica virtus. Juv. Sat.

To Mrs. Collins, of ———, near Bath;

THE AVOWED FRIEND OF THE STAGE.

'Tis thine to bid the Soul expand her pow'rs;
The bud of infant Genius to diſplay;
Seek modeſt Merit in her private bow'rs,
And bring her bluſhing to the face of day.

To W. W. Dimond, Eſq.

OF THE THEATRES-ROYAL, BATH AND BRISTOL.

One day the Comic-Muſe was ſeen,
In converſe with the Tragic-Queen—
They held it hard that ev'ry age
Should point its malice 'gainſt the Stage;
They prov'd, above the pow'r of ſpleen,
Actors could feel beyond the ſcene.
To paſs away an hour or ſo,
They ſummon'd from the ſhades below
Thoſe Bards who liv'd ſome years ago.

See, firſt, in dread ſublimity array'd,
How Homer ſtalks, majeſtic, undiſmay'd,
'Midſt Gods embattled on Scamander's Plains,
And is himſelf the Jupiter he feigns.

With reverential awe the Trojan view;
By Hate, Hell, Juno, unappall'd purſue
The high beheſts of Troy's imperial fate,
In arms, in piety, in ſuff'rings great.
See, Tragedy advance with buſkin'd tread;
Horror, aghaſt, by Æſchylus is led;
Whilſt Sophocles bids Sorrow, ſoft and ſlow,
March in the awful negligence of Woe.
In frolic mood, blythe Comedy is ſeen,
Drawing expreſſion, manner, features, mien:
This ſacred truſt to Terence was conſign'd,
With chaſtity of thought, and elegance refin'd.

Enough, enough, the Sifters cry,
Congenial ſouls of ſympathy—
The Roman and the Grecian-page
Honour'd the minſtrels of the ſtage;
But many votaries, I trow,
Are treated with contempt, below!
Thro' oceans of ethereal day,
Let us to earth now ſpeed our way,
A grand Lyceum let us raiſe,
To Shakſpeare, and dramatic lays—
At Bath the edifice they rear,
Where grace and elegance appear,
And that ſucceſs might in it dwell,
They threw around it Faſhion's ſpell,
Endow'd it with a magic-grace,
To draw each genius to the place;

They next decreed the ſpot ſhould be,
A Theatre from blemiſh free.
And, laſtly, to enrich the ſcenic-ſight,
They plac'd a *Di'mond* there, whoſe brilliant light,
Shines thro' the day, and ſparkles thro' the night.

On being preſent at the Repreſentation of a modern Comedy.

If ſuch dull ſtuff of patch-work common-place,
Join'd with that pantomimical grimace;
Be ſerious comedy; why we muſt fix,
(By the ſame rules,) on Merry-Andrew's tricks
For the true comic-vein; or, lower ſtoop,
To Pug's wit, ſhewn in tumbling through a hoop.
If laughter is of excellence the teſt,
Pug's merits are by grinning throngs confeſs'd;
No joke has ever gain'd applauſe more loud,
Than Andrew's ſmut, thrown to a gaping crowd.

On the ſame Subject.

Ye modern Dramatiſts, how ye debaſe
To farce and drollery the comic-grace:

True comedy ſhould diff'rent aſpects wear,
As Nature's various images appear.
Folly's diſtortion laughter may command,
But fair proportion ſhews the maſter's hand;
Whilſt lurking ſatyr, plying ev'ry dart,
Like tickling, forces laughter, mixt with ſmart.

On a View of Cattle, grazing.

FIERCE are the beaſts that Lybia's deſerts nurſe,
Afraid of man, and to his haunts averſe,
Yet urg'd by hunger, or inflam'd with rage,
Their thirſt of blood no terrors can aſſuage:
Theſe the dark native dreads in open day,
And takes with trembling ſteps his lonely way;
Nor yet when Phœbus to the weſt is fled,
Exempt from anxious thought reclines his head.

Such *Britain* knows not; in her happier plains
No ſavage brute affrights her ruſtic-ſwains,
Secure from harm they leave their native home,
And undiſmay'd thro' woods and foreſts roam;
No hideous yell diſturbs the peaſant's reſt,
No fears of ravage haunt his quiet breaſt;
More pleaſing notes aſſail his raviſh'd ears,
Of herds he fattens, and of flocks he rears,

Whilſt with their bleats the echoing hills rebound,
His heart reverberates the dulcet ſound:
In them he ſeeks the fruit of all his pain,
His preſent comfort, and his future gain;
And, tho' he labours for himſelf alone,
He adds the public welfare to his own.

Where can the ſwain deſire an happier ſoil
To ſhew his ſkill, or to reward his toil,
Than where kind Nature, with benignant ſmile,
Adorns the paſtures of fair Albion's iſle?

Search the world through, and ranſack ev'ry coaſt,
What other country richer plains can boaſt?
What clime, by Heav'n more favour'd, e'er could feed
A flock more num'rous, or a nobler breed?

Shall Britons then, by luxury taught, diſdain
The ample ſtores their fertile fields contain,
And dupes to faſhion, and a vicious taſte,
For high *ragouts* reject the ſimpler feaſt?

If men thus ſlight the plain and homely fare,
And naught can pleaſe but what's more rich and rare,
Say, can they wonder, if, for ſuch diſdain,
Heav'n ſhould withhold what it beſtows in vain;

Should parch the paſtures where the cattle feed,
Or ſtop the annual progreſs of the breed;
Should waſte them ſingly by a ſlow decay,
Or, by contagious murrain, ſweep whole herds away?—

Our ſturdy anceſtors, in times of yore,
Knew better how to prize their home-bred ſtore;
They rear'd with anxious care the herds they bred,
And what their farms produc'd, on that they fed;
Temp'rance preſided o'er the frugal feaſt,
And roſy Health ſpread joy thro' ev'ry breaſt.

O, favour'd long by Heav'n's peculiar care,
By folly dwindled from the men they were,
May Britain's ſons reflect what miſchief flows
From the falſe joys that luxury beſtows;
And, warn'd by errors paſt, direct their aim
To raiſe their country and themſelves to fame!

*On the Death of the Author's Mother.**

When Nature, at th' appointed hour,
Claims the juſt tribute of our lateſt breath,
No pray'r can ſoothe, nor might o'erpow'r,
Nor virtue awe, inexorable Death.

* Who died Sept. 22, 1796, aged 56.

But oh! ſhe's gone!—The will of Heav'n
'Tis man's with meek ſubmiſſion to receive;
Yet ſure one ſigh may be forgiv'n:
I feel the loſs, and what I feel muſt grieve.

An Occaſional Addreſs,

Spoken by the Author, at the Theatre in Wolverhampton, on the Night of his Benefit, patronized by the Gentlemen of the Roſe Club.

In climes leſs free, and far remote from theſe,
Where Pow'r uſurps the right, and Force decrees,
The weak defendant trembles for his cauſe,
And dreads ſuperior ſtrength and pliant laws.

In Afric's realms, where ſavage fury reigns,
And conſtant warfare deſolates the plains;
In either India's unenlighten'd ſtates,
Where Chiefs deſpotic regulate the Fates,
Juſtice may plead in vain; Might gives the word,
And ſlaughter'd thouſands ſtain th' inſatiate ſword:
But *here*, tranſported Reaſon feels delight,
We to an Engliſh Jury truſt *our* right!
And 'tis in them *alone* we rightly ſee
The grand Palladium of our Liberty!

The bold Advent'rer of to-night, eſſays
By humble efforts to obtain your praiſe;
Ere now, unknown in walks of public fame,
Science and Friendſhip were his only aim;
There, center'd ev'ry bliſs; there, ev'ry view!
'Till adverſe Fortune made him known to you.

Ere Reaſon's light, with penetrating ray,
Had clear'd the miſts of Superſtition's ſway;
When Pagan folly, like the Cretan prieſts,
Chang'd human nature to the form of beaſts,
Th' unletter'd mind, unconſcious of each good,
Ador'd the leafy whiſp'ring of the wood;
And as each herb and plant ſpontaneous grew,
Miſguided Fancy form'd a god-like view!
That when Affliction thaw'd the icy heart,
They pray'd to thiſtles to remove the ſmart:
Hence ev'ry tree, when fretted by the wind,
Was thought to hold communion with mankind.

In later times, when Faction's lawleſs band
Uſurp'd the ſceptre with rebellious hand,
Amidſt the ſturdy oak's umbrageous ſeat,
The Royal Charles ſecur'd a ſafe retreat.

So, whilſt Misfortune's acid cup o'erflows,
Myſelf am ſhelter'd by the friendly—Roſe;
And, that its ſweetneſs may be ſtrong impreſt,
I'll wear it ever neareſt to my breaſt;

That if, when abſent, it ſhould *ſeem* to *fade*,
The tears of Gratitude—ſhall raiſe its head.

A Diſſertation on ancient and modern Faſhion:

A COMIC SONG, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1796.

I.

In days unlike theſe, modeſt women there were,
Who turn'd up their locks, but each wore their own hair;
Each curl was roll'd up, then, like ſauſages neat,
As if they would ſay to the gents, come and eat.

II.

Fly-cap, lappet-head, on their face a few patches,
As if little Cupid had maul'd 'em with ſcratches;
Ruffled-cuffs and ſack-backs were then very common,
And ſtiff *whale-bone armoury* guarded each woman.

III.

Walk'd very upright to diſplay all their graces,
Had very long waiſts, but not any long faces;
Secur'd round with *hoops* were their daughters and nieces,
Which kept e'm, like *barrels*, from—*falling to pieces.*

IV.

But fashions will vary, now each lady of ton,
Will blush like carnation, when the paint is put on;
Now rigid œconomy seems all the true taste,
For in no sort of family's seen any *waste*.

V.

They tuck up their sleeves, once adorned with studs,
So they look just like laundresses come from the suds;
The reason is plain, for so naked the world goes,
That Misses, like Nations, are *out at the elbows*.

VI.

Adorn'd with a plumage of feathers so high,
'Tis no wonder so many take wing, and then fly;
Encircled with muslin, no such thing as a back—
You'd suppose they were running a race in a sack.

The poor Negro: a Tale.

SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, BATH.

If Sorrow claims Compassion's meed, a tear,
Or Innocence, oppress'd, a pang sincere,
For once, ye gay, stern apathy forego,
And listen to an artless tale of woe.

In Afric's realms, where Phœbus darts his ray
With ſcorching fervour each revolving day,
Where no inclement winter chills the air,
For Nature's rob'd in vernal beauties there;
On that lov'd coaſt poor Negro-Man was born,
And roſe as jocund as the ſmiling morn.
Ah, why does Mem'ry, with Reflection's train,
Crowd on my fancy, and awaken pain?

Oft have I hunted thro' the mazy-wood—
Oft ſtemm'd with pliant arms the tepid flood;
Or, dauntleſs, clim'd upon the mountain's brow,
To gaze upon the ſylvan-ſcene below;
There, penſive, liſten'd to the ſea's rough-tide,
And ſaw the ſhatter'd bark float far and wide:
Now chas'd the tuſky-boar, then ſtretch'd the bow,
Or whirl'd the rapid arrow on the foe!

At eve, when loaded with my vanquiſh'd ſpoil,
My ebon-partner met me with a ſmile—
Tho' ſultry Phœbus had embrown'd her ſkin,
And curl'd her criſped locks; yet all *within*
Was *fair*, and free from Chriſtian guile, and ſin.

My children too, whoſe looks flaſh'd Nature's fire,
In ſportive prattle ran to greet their ſire;

'Twas then, entranc'd in ecſtacy divine,
I fancy'd that the ſun would always ſhine;
Regardleſs of the with'ring blaſts of Fate,
Content ſat ſmiling at our wicker-gate;
To pleaſe each others will we conſtant ſtrove,
And only knew the luxury of love.
Embow'ring trees, repelling ſolar-heat,
At noon's high-fever, gave a cool retreat;
At night, a ſhrubby-curtain we diſplay'd,
And ſlumber'd peaceful in the mantled ſhade.
Alas, I little dreamt what ſnares were near—
As guilt I knew not, ſo I knew not fear:
One wretched moment, ſnatch'd by lurking foes,
For ever, ever, robb'd me of repoſe!

What time, when Cynthia hung her lamp on high,
And ſtars reſplendent gleam'd along the ſky,
When ſtorm-ſpent Ocean had been lull'd to peace,
By the ſoft murmurs of the midnight breeze,
A band of Chriſtians choſe that ſecret hour,
And made us ſlaves to avarice and pow'r.
My little infants, ſcreaming with alarms,
Sought their lov'd refuge in a mother's arms;
Whilſt cloſe ſhe claſp'd 'em trembling to her breaſt,
Convulſive ſobs each lab'ring word ſuppreſt;

Frantic, at laſt, ſhe rais'd a ſuppliant eye,
To draw down Pity from her throne on high.

And now with ſavage haſte they ſwiftly bore
The hapleſs victims from their native ſhore;
Wedg'd in a narrow hold, with chains ſecur'd,
What were the ſcourging tortures we endur'd!
How, as we've lain upon the ſplinter'd floor,
The ſhip's been painted with our crimſon gore!
Oft have I pray'd, when on the ruthleſs wave,
To end our ſorrows in a wat'ry grave;
But barb'rous man, more hoſtile than the ſeas,
Reſerv'd us yet for greater ills than theſe!

Soon as the veſſel, ſcudding 'fore the gale,
Had made the port, and furl'd the ſpreading ſail,
My feeble mate, to ling'ring grief a prey,
Without one laſt adieu was dragg'd away;
I ſaw the flood of anguiſh on her cheek,
Heard her laſt ſigh, and agonizing ſhriek!
My children too, for them theſe torrents flow,
Were ſold, and baniſh'd to a life of woe.
Thus, Engliſh Planters, though themſelves were free,
Each ſocial bleſſing baſely ſtole from me.

Hard is my lot, from ev'ry comfort torn,
In abject ſlavery condemn'd to mourn;

To count the minutes as they ſlowly creep,
Each day to labour, and each night to weep—
Far, far remote from any friendly ſhore,
To combat horrors ſcarce conceiv'd before.

Oh, let me plead for Afric's ſons diſtreſt,
And rouze for them each ſympathizing-breaſt;
Aboliſh cuſtoms which diſgrace your laws,
And with fraternal glow defend our cauſe;
With gen'rous ardour make *us* alſo free,
And ſnatch each Negro out of ſlavery.